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For the New-Yorker.

## THE WOOD AND THE WANDERER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.....BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

THE WOOD.

Come, oh, come beneath my shadow,
In my quiet, cool retreats;
Wanderer in the arid highway,
Where thy heart so restless beats!

My fresh boughs are ever pouring
Vigor through the fainting breast,
And my cool breath balm exhaleth—
Courage new, and sweeter rest!

Lovelier sets the sun behind me,
Streaming through my green attire;
Lovelier comes again the morning,
When awakes the feathered choir.

Lovelier gleams in me the fountain,
And the lone lake stiller flows,
Where the turtle-dove will sweetly
Coo thy sad heart to repose!

THE WANDERER.

In the air are spirits murmuring?
Lists to fountain-nymph mine ear?
Or are gods to me descending?
For my glance is bright and clear.

With the pine's tall summit rising,
Heavenward my rapt spirit tends;
With the birch-tree lowly bending,
Softest peace my heart attends.

On this soft, green, mossy carpet
Lulling zephyrs round me wait;
Near these fragrant, golden flow'rets
I am happy, and how great!

Hark! from each old oak, low-swelling,
Sounds a clear and bard-like tone;
And the pine-tops sweetly rustle:
Chorus fills the green-wood lone!

"We, of Paradise the spirits,
Bless thee in our calm abode;
Drink, oh drink the pure enjoyments
Of our holy, silent wood!"

For the New-Yorker.

## TASSO'S AMINTA

The Aminta of Torquato Tasso is a composition so delicate, exquisite, and in every way perfect, that it is deservedly considered one of the most precious jewels of Italian Poetry. The glory of this new species of the drama, which was altogether unknown to the Greeks and Latins, is without doubt to be ascribed to our Italy; because the Italians both invented and alone ennobled and brought it to that high degree of perfection which it so rapidly attained, thus recompensing the industry and fine taste of our enterprising poets.

Agostino Beccari of Ferrara—a man, to acknowledge the truth, by no means accomplished in literature, but of a fertile and most happy genius—was the first who introduced shepherds upon the stage; and, in his drama entitled *The Sacrifice*, formed a regular and complete action; while before his time nothing had appeared but simple and inartificial eclogues, without fable, without plot, and without any proper catastrophe. This pastoral was twice represented in Ferrara, with the greatest applause, in 1554, and in 1555 was published under the protection of the two princesses of Este, Lucrezia and Leonora, at that time very young.

The favorable reception of this drama of Beccari could not but excite the emulation of the literati of Ferrara. Accordingly, Alberto Lollio, an orator and eminent poet, almost immediately applied himself to the composition of another, which he called *Arethusa*. This being written with skill and polish superior to the former, was welcomed when often exhibited, in 1563, as a very delightful entertainment, and by consequence gave to this new style of pastoral poetry a much higher character. Four years had not elapsed before the appearance of a third piece of the same class, entitled *The Unfortunate*, by Agostino Argenti, another gentleman of Ferrara. The representation followed with much pomp in May, in 1567, in presence of the Duke Alfonso XI., the Cardinal Luigi his brother, and the Prince Francesco their uncle, the principal actor being that celebrated Verato, who was generally esteemed the Roscius of his time.

Tasso, who had recently come to Ferrara, in the service of the Cardinal of Este, was fortunately present at the performance; and he found it impossible to express the delight it gave him, and how much he was in consequence enamored of this most beautiful species of the drama. He perceived, indeed, that in the hands of a more able workman it might be much improved and become an exquisite thing. It is therefore probable that from this time he conceived the design of writing his *Aminta*, which he nevertheless did not undertake till several years afterward.

At this time, Tasso was wholly engaged in the composition of his epic, which he had commenced with much application, to gratify the Duke Alfonso, who discovered a warm interest in the work, and in consequence bestowed upon him unnumbered favors. He was therefore obliged for the present to lay aside this project of Aminta, and reserve it for a more favorable opportunity. Still, in what reading he accomplished of the Greek and Latin writers, he did not neglect noting with this view, and making a collection of images and thoughts the most delicate and beautiful, to embellish his drama at a suitable time. Of this I can procure a good proof—a copy of *Theocritus* in my possession, full of his marks and comments

At length an excursion which the Duke had occasion to make to Rome, in the January of 1573, afforded our poet an opportunity of accomplishing the design he had formed. He, therefore, finding himself more disengaged than usual, and, what was of more importance, in a composed and tranquil frame of mind, applied himself to the execution of his Aminta, and labored with so much diligence and so happy a facility, that in less than two months he brought it to a conclusion. In this manner he formed this most perfect drama, which will ever be regarded as the noblest model which the Italian language and poetry possess of purity, elegance and sweetness; and equal to which, in the judgement of the intelligent, no composition has been discovered in any other language, whether we regard the courtliness and propriety of the sentiments appropriated to the characters of the persons introduced, or consider the native graces and truly Attic charm of the expression.

We cannot but wonder when we observe how admirably Tasso has contrived to adapt the proper style to the various kinds of writing, as the sublime, the middle, and the humble, in no respect differing in this from his favorite Virgil, whom he proposed for an example. In truth, as much as he shows himself great, elevated and heroic in his *Jerusalem Delivered*, so in this rural composition is he equally gentle, graceful and simple; because, being obliged to accommodate himself entirely to the manner which he had undertaken to imitate, it was no concern of his to go in pursuit of words, phrases, or turns of expression, which were foreign or in any degree removed from the common language of poetry; but he was only required to choose from our language its purest and most delicate words, and our most exquisite forms of speech, and so to combine these as to produce in the verse a harmony at once perfectly simple and perfectly sweet.

Above all, he evidently took pains to imitate in the admirable Greek, and especially in Anacreon, Moschus, and, as we have said, Theocritus, certain figures, metaphors, little images—in a word, certain *curious felicities*—which appear to be altogether natural, but in reality are most artificial and exquisitely delicate. In this imitation, indeed, Tasso governed himself by rules worthy of the great man he was; because he in no degree concealed his imitating, nor did he imitate too closely, but engrafted upon the trunk of Greek elegances, if I may employ the expression, both his own and those of his own language, in a manner which produced a fruit of our own, very delicious and perhaps even more racy than it was before in its original state.

Nor are the interior qualities of this incomparable pastoral less admirable and surprising. The fable is extremely well constructed, excellently managed, and unraveled with new and unexpected dexterity. The action is one, accompanied with its probable episodes; and the various incidents which occur appear to be very naturally produced, one by another, precluding the necessity of external aid; and thus the intricacy of the drama becomes happily disentangled by the catastrophe, and by a species of recognition, which, although it may not be perfectly similar to that of *Œdipus Tyrannus*, so highly praised by Aristotle, nor of that perfection which is required in tragedy, is notwithstanding very suitable to the quality of the persons represented, and therefore produces the wonderful, accompanied by the credible and the probable, which are the two principal requisites of the poetic art.

At the return of the Duke to Ferrara, suitable preparations were immediately made for the representation of Aminta.—This was very excellently done in the Spring of the same year, 1573, and with that delight to the spectators and applause to the poet, which every one can imagine. Madame Lucretia of Este, Princess of Urbino, to whose ear the wonders reported of this fine composition had been rapidly conveyed, desired beyond measure to hear it; and as she was a most faithful patroness of the author, she took pains that with the indulgence of the Duke he should come to Pesaro, and there read it to her, according to her desire. It was wonderfully

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* *Note by the Translator.*

The following specimen of Italian criticism, composed by the Abbot Pierantonio Serassi, is high reading of the narrative cast, that species of literature which gives importance to trifles, aiming rather to promote the entertainment than the instruction of the reader.

It is extremely amusing to observe with what minuteness the Italian critic investigates the origin and progress of Aminta, as well as the triumphant success and universal welcome it commanded. If these minutiæ relative to so very slight a production have power to interest, how exceedingly attractive would similar details appear respecting The Tempest, As You Like It, or Midsumme Night's Dream! It may be impossible to find the innumerable items preserved that we desire, still, we have seen nothing more masterly than the development of Shakspeare's genius which Schlegel has made in his Lectures on Dramatic Literature. For many years we could not but cherish the hope that neither ill health nor graver studies would deprive the world of Coleridge's Course on Shakspeare and Milton. Coleridge is now no more, and only the shadow—a glorious shadow indeed—of his genius remains; and the golden fragments of his lectures that have been preserved and published only make us mourn the more over our irreparable loss. Does any one think lightly of this loss which the interests of literature have sustained, he will require nothing more to undeceive him than the less imperfect reports of some of these discussions—the admirable glimpses, for example, which we have of Hamlet, Othello, Lear, and Macbeth. We cannot be too grateful to the Editor of these Literary Remains for the industry, taste and talent with which he has executed his labor of love; and we are impatient to welcome the memoir, the philosophical fragment, and all other developments in store for us. Is it not a too common injustice to call the works of Coleridge fragmentary? When we consider, in addition to these posthumous remains, the most finished productions of his genius—his poems and poetic translations, his Friend, his Biographia Literaria, his Aids to Reflection, his Lay Sermons, his Church and State—we should be at a loss to point out another mind that has left a more powerful impress on the literature of the last forty years.

L. L.

pleasing to the whole court; and, in consequence, the Princess, to whom Tasso had most respectfully presented a copy, wished to have some young cavaliers perform it at the following carnival.

How this new entertainment succeeded at that time, and how much it delighted every one who was present, appears from an unpublished letter of Tiberio Almerici, kindly communicated to me by the most learned Signor Annibale degle Abati-Olivieri. In this, which was written from Pesaro on the last of February, 1574, to Virginio Almerici, who was pursuing his studies at Padua, after mentioning a most brilliant tournament at that carnival, and the performance of a comedy of Sforza degli Oddi, of Perugia, entitled *Erofilomachia, or the Contest of Love and Friendship*, he subjoins: "The third entertainment we have enjoyed at this carnival is an eclogue of Tasso, which was acted on Thursday last by some young men of Urbino in a hall which had been prepared for the presence of the Princess; and it was considered one of the most beautiful compositions of this class that has ever come upon the stage; for the thoughts were very brilliant and lively, and the action, though simple, is very agreeable and affecting. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in some parts, and those the most important, it was not so well represented as it deserved; especially in the tenderness, from which arose the principal delight of the eclogue. Still, by those who have any taste for such things, it has been pronounced a play of uncommon merit; and that which has been added to it by way of embellishment, and which has pleased exceedingly, is the novelty of the chorus between the acts, which rendered the dignity admirable, and by its very delightful sentiments afforded spectators and hearers infinite satisfaction." He then goes on to observe that the performers had set off for Fossombrone to act the piece before the Cardinal della Rouvere, who had been extremely desirous of that pleasure.

A few years after, this drama was represented in Mantua, with a magnificence peculiar to the Duke Guglielmo; and Tasso himself invited thither several gentlemen, and among other the Prince of Malfetta, and Ranuccio Farnese, Prince of Parma. But with much superior magnificence of preparation was it, about 1590, exhibited in Firenze by the Grand Duke Ferdinando, who, making use of the machines and scenery of the opera-house of Bernardo Buontalenti, a celebrated and most ingenious painter, the performance in consequence gained so much admiration and applause that, if rumor may be credited, Tasso himself was induced to go secretly to Firenze, in order to know Buontalenti; and having but just saluted and kissed him on the forehead, departed, without presenting himself also to the Grand Duke, who was extremely desirous to see and honor him.

No sooner was this most beautiful pastoral published, which was in the year 1581, from the press of Aldo the younger, than it inflamed with its charms not our Italy alone, but all the most cultivated nations, so that they discovered a rivalay in printing and even in wishing it translated into their respective languages. Among these most lettered nations, the French, as was to have been expected, was the first to show itself deeply enamored of it; since in 1584, beside being republished in Paris in the original by Abel l'Angelier, in duodecimo, it appeared also the same year translated into French verse by Pietro de Brach, Counsellor of the King, and printed in Bordeaux, under the auspices of Margherita of France, Queen of Navarre. This translation was afterward followed, in close succession, by four others. Two of these were in verse—the first by M. Di Bassiguier, the other by the Abbot De Torches; and two in prose—one by M. Pecquet, and the last by M. l'Escalopier.

As if cotemporaneously with the first French version, appeared one in the language of Illyria, made by Domenico Slaturichia, distinguished in Dalmatia for other translations of a similar nature. A little after, namely in 1607, Spain also had a most beautiful one, the ingenious work of Don Giovanni di Jauregui, which Don Miguel di Cervantes, that great Spanish writer, did not hesitate to pronounce so happy and exquisite, that he could with difficulty distinguish which was the translation and which the original.

In 1615 an elegant Latin version was made in Germany, in six-syllable lines—the work of Andrea Aldebrando, of Pomerania, which he published at Frankfort, from the press of the Vocheli, in octavo; and in 1628 an English version of much merit appeared, by Mr. Oldmixon, printed in London, where, as early as 1591, the original had already been printed by Giovanni Volfeo, at the expense of Jacopo Castilvetro. In 1642 this pastoral was translated also into the German tongue by Michel Schneidern, and printed at Hamburg, in duodecimo. In 1715 it was printed in Dutch, at Amsterdam, by Giovambatista Dellekens; and finally in modern Greek, by an uncertain author, and printed at Venice, for Niccolo Glica de Giovannini, in octavo.

Beyond all other countries, our Italy ran almost distracted after this very beautiful species of the drama: nor was there a single rhymer, toward the close of the sixteenth century and at the commencement of the seventeenth, who did not undertake to write a rural play or pastoral tragi-comedy; so that in 1614 Clemente Bartoli, a gentleman of Urbino, as Ludovico Zuccolo relates, had made a collection of them up to eighty; and in the year 1700, the time when Monsignor Fontanini published his *Aminta Defended*, Giannantonio Moraldi showed here in Rome more than two hundred. Still, except a few which are truly beautiful, and merit high commendation—as the *Phillis of Scivo* by the Count Guidubaldo Bonarelle, the *Funeral Pomp* of Cesar Cremonino, the *Faithful Shepherd* of Guarini, the *Amaryllis* of Christoforo Castelletti, and the *Floris* of Maddalena Campiglia—almost all the rest are of very little value, and are therefore deservedly forgotten. It is nevertheless observable that, as well in the good as in the middling, if we meet with any fine stroke or elegant and delicate thought, we recognize it as taken almost entirely, or at least imitated from, 'Aminta,' which the authors had proposed to themselves as a pattern, and as the highest and sole model of rural poetry. From this circumstance, the humorous Boccalini had every reason to feign, in the fiftieth of his *Notices of Parnassus*, that certain thievish poets, having broken open Tasso's secret chest, in which he kept the compositions he most valued, stole 'Aminta,' and divided it among them; but the rogues being discovered and pursued by the Sheriff, although they fled for refuge to the house of Imitation, as a place of freedom and impunity, were, notwithstanding, dragged forth by order of Apollo, and led with extreme disgrace to prison.

From all these developments, it is therefore indisputable, that as Tasso, by his 'Jerusalem,' attained the first seat in the Italian Epopee, in like manner, by the exquisiteness of his 'Aminta,' he raised the pastoral drama to such a degree of beauty and perfection, as in both kinds to preclude all hope, not to say of surpassing, but of ever reaching his excellence.

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DICKENS.—The National Gazette gives the following sketch of Mr. Dickens, the author of the Pickwick papers:

"In person he is little above the standard hight, though not tall. His figure is slight without being meagre, and is well proportioned. The face, the first object of physical interest, is peculiar though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side rather than jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked, his eye, though not large, bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome; an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is, in repose, extremely agreeable and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr. Dickens' manners and conversation, except perhaps in the perfect *abandon* among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humor. He is mild in the tones of his voice and quiescent; evincing habitual attention to the etiquette and conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and, possibly to avoid the invitations pressed upon him, he does not reside in London; but with a lovely wife and two charming children, he has a retreat in the vicinity. He is about 26 years of age, but does not look more than 23 or 24. Mr. Dickens is entirely self-made, and rose from a humble station by virtue of his moral worth, his genius, and his industry."

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NEW DISCOVERY.—An extensive Cave has been found a few rods below the railroad bridge, on the banks of the Susquehanna opposite to the Borough of Harrisburg, about four weeks since, by some men who were engaged in quarrying stone—it has been examined by several gentlemen, to the depth of about thirty feet, where they have been compelled to abandon their examination, from the interference of a stream of water, which crosses the singular cave, and renders it impossible to proceed further. There can be no calculation of the length and depth of this strange den. During the examination which has been made, several bones of a singular appearance have been found.

For the New-Yorker.

## I WOULD MY HOUSEHOLD GODS WERE HERE!

A SONG.

I.

I WOULD my household gods were here,
Where the monarch pine is waving,
And the Susquehannah near,
Broad, majestical and clear,
Wanders on, the valley laving—
Where tall peaks to kiss the cloud
Far above his tide are swelling,
Beauteous when a misty shroud
Hovers round their foreheads proud
I would make my sylvan dwelling.

II.

Round my home the sun would throw
Tints of rosy light when dying.
Though the vale far, far below
Shine not with the sunset glow,
In a robe of shadow lying.
From the blasted pine his throne
I would mark with folded pinion,
Feathered sovereign, fierce and lone,
While the rocking boughs made moan,
Gazing on his wild dominion.

III.

I would rove, with hound and gun,
When the dawn of day was breaking,
And the dim stars, one by one,
Paled before their lord the sun,
In a blaze of glory waking.
I would blow a bugle blast,
Loud, romantic echoes rousing;
Then, with footstep fleet and fast,
Seek the greenwood deep and vast,
Where the antlered deer was browsing.

IV.

With the spoils of chase at night
Gladly to my home returning,
I would haste, with foot-fall light,
Guided by a beacon bright
On my rugged hearth-stone burning:
There my bride, in accents clear,
While my frugal meal preparing,
With a song would lull my ear,
And repay her mountaineer
For a life of toil and daring.

*Mount Frederica, Tioga Co., Oct. 8, 1838.* H.

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From the London Examiner.

## REVIVAL OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

The final triumph of Mr. Macready's managerial career was achieved on Monday night, before the most crowded and enthusiastic audience we have ever seen assembled within the walls of a theatre; when the same resources which have been devoted to the illustration of Shakspeare's scenes of imagination and passion, were brought in aid of those scenic chronicles in which our great poet has set down the glories of our common country. It was a happy thought to close in this way the brief but glorious reign of the national drama in what is called the National Theatre.

"Small time; but in that small, most greatly lived
This star of England!"

What is to follow—what ominous eclipse is now hanging over us—what may be the danger or what the safety, we cannot even pretend to guess. Only we think that Mr. Francis Moore, physician, would be disposed to offer a remark of this kind:

Season—1839-1840. Let Shakspeare and the stage now look to themselves.

'King Henry the Fifth' was the play selected, and the 'warlike Harry' was presented 'like himself.' This will be best understood by a glance at the fashion of his presentation hitherto. Shakspeare's historical plays have never been attractive, for the simple and sufficient reason that, as historical plays—dramatic histories, they have never been performed. The last time we saw one under the *ancien regime*—and it was this very play of Henry, though we have some difficulty in recalling its mean shadow through the brilliant picture that now fills our mind—the archbishop of several centuries before Luther figured in full-blown lawn, and the Majesty of France, in boots *a la* Louis Quatorze, handled in the manner of an auctioneer's hammer what seemed to be designed for a royal truncheon. The power of England, under a shabby painted flag, mustered in the shape of some seven ragged supernumeraries; the might of France, flagless and bannerless, crawled on in three. A trumpet and drum expressed the fiercest agonies of battle; and two or three of the supernumeraries aforesaid, lying as if overtaken by liquor, declared its bloodiest results. Then entered the rival kings—one at the

side-scene on the right and the other at the side-scene on the left, to smell in the centre at one nosegay, like their respected brother kings of Brentford. And then, amidst the yawning insensibility of the audience, whole provinces were talked away—whole kingdoms carved into slices, and England grew gracious, and France plucked up a spirit; and suddenly a dingy curtain, to the huge satisfaction of every body, fell over all that was left of the dingy scene. Into exhibitions of this sort had fallen, in latter years, the dramatic histories of our English stage.

"Well," exclaims some one with an easy assumption of literary importance, "and so much the better, so long as Shakspeare's words are spoken. That is what we have to look to. What did Shakspeare care about decorations? *His* theatre was little better than a barn, and a blanket served *him* for a curtain! Agincourt was a mere tavern brawl then, and why should it be better now? What contented Shakspeare should suffice to content us." This is but the cuckoo cry of ignorance or conceit. The poet's poverty, and not his will, consented to mean deficiencies of illustrative resource in the theatres of his time. But, writing for posterity as well as his cotemporaries, he never shaped his plays to those defects; because he knew that, sooner or later, the stage must become capable of its own function; which was, 'from the first till now,' to address the imaginations of men in the visible language of the senses, and in every respect, as far as it is practicable, to hold a *mirror* up to nature. Hence it is, that we nowhere meet with such opportunities for what are called stage effects as in the plays of Shakspeare; and effects that could never have been even attempted, in the barrenness of stage material, at the time of their first production. Every where are hints scattered about for the scene-painter, the carpenter, the property man—or rather for the artistical taste and genius which can alone employ with intellectual correctness these acquisitions of a modern theatre. Even the ordinary reader must discover almost every where, as he advances, an opening for some striking and picturesque effect that shall give greater scope to the fancy; while for the happy few who possess a congenial spirit with the poet, be sure that in every scene he wrote there lies a hidden vein of poetry, which is only capable of being brought to the surface in 'act and complement extern.' It is by working successfully in the last rich mine, during the management of Covent Garden Theatre, that Mr. Macready has entitled himself to recollection wherever Shakspeare is named or his memory duly honored.

A passage occurs—as we have turned over the volume on our table—which will serve to illustrate these remarks. *Antony*, standing in the midst of the boundless magnificence of *Cleopatra's* palace of Alexandria, is anxious for news from home:

> *Antony.*—From Sicyon how the news? *Speak, there.*
> *First Attendant.*—The man from Sicyon; *is there such a one?*
> *Second Attendant.*—He stays upon your will.
> *Antony.* *Let him appear.*

In these brief lines may be felt the entire spirit of the wonderful play they belong to. In them are thoroughly expressed the magnificence of Egypt and the pride of Rome. As we read them, we strain our sight through successions of halls in the vast palace of the luxurious *Cleopatra*, to catch, in the midst of a crowd of embassadors that wait from all quarters of the world on the haughty *Antony*, a glimpse of the 'man from Sicyon,' if there should be such a one! The question is first called forth to some inner room by *Antony;* then there is heard a fresh voice sending it on into a third apartment of this gorgeous palace; out of which at last the answer issues, and the 'man' appears to tell the death of *Fulvia!* No limit is placed to the image of material grandeur in the scene which is thus conveyed; it may be compressed into a wooden O, or expanded into shapes imperial; but he who most nearly presents its large spirit before an audience, most nearly realizes the purpose of the poet. It will certainly not do to huddle it off as an indifferent question, and leave the subtler truth implied in it to the *imagination* of the audience!

The same spirit pervades the whole of 'Henry the Fifth,' with an unlimited power of suggestion. The subject was a favorite one with Shakspeare, and he has lavished upon it many of his highest resources, with a careful general subduement of them all to the quality of the subject and its treatment. As in other plays of the same kind he had dramatised detached scenes of the chronicles, but he here employed in addition the expedient of a chorus, who at the opening of each act, described those intervening incidents and actions to the audience, some knowledge of which had become necessary to give unity and distinctness to the dramatic history.—In this his sole object was to impress his hearers. For the mere form his verse assumed he had little care. Gladly would he have shared the honor with the Stanfield of his day—if his day could have boasted a Stanfield—to convey by such means more sensibly those earnest truths and exquisite images of beauty which he thought needful to connect with his subject. For in the presence of such a subject what was he? What the theatre? The actors? The audience? He would have sought to do ample justice to that transcendent theme, a kingdom for a stage, princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene! Unable to command them what would he have next commanded? All that the theatre could offer. 'Behold,' he sent on his Chorus to say, when at the commencement of the third act he desired to picture the passage of the English fleet to France—

> Behold the threaden sails,
> *Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,*
> Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
> Breasting the lofty surge. *O, do but think*
> You stand upon the rivage, and behold
> A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
> For so appears this fleet majestical,
> Holding the course to Harfleur. *Follow! follow!*
> *Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy*
> And leave your England—

—but who can doubt that if it had lain within his power he would here have avoided the satire of Jonson (who laughed at him for concealing 'a man behind the arras' and 'whipping him out between the acts to speak') by investing this Chorus with the dignity of Time, and with the magical aids of a Stanfield's pencil. If any one doubts it, let a subsequent line from the same speech of the Chorus—in which the paltry aid of what miserable resource even his own theatre could afford him is distinctly called in to the description—set the question at rest. Describing the siege with its attendant circumstances—

> .. the ordinance on their carriages,
> With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur..

he adds

> .. And the nimbler gunner
> With linstock now the devilish cannon touches
> [*Alarum; and chambers go off.*]
> And down goes all before him.

The stage direction is Shakspeare's own. It declares his sense of the sort of assistance which a most vivid imagination may fairly demand from the stage; it announces the poverty of such assistance in his day; and it explains to us Jonson's querulous sneers at his fondness for 'literal' helps in the expression of imaginative things:

> "Now creaking thrones come down the boys to please!
> Now nimble squib is seen to make afeard
> The gentlewoman! Now roll'd bullet heard
> To say it thunders! Now tempestuous drum
> Rumbles to tell you when the storm is come!"

The fine-hearted, surly satirist would, in all probability, have his good humor restored by one of Mr. Macready's 'Shaksperian Revivals;' in which, we venture to believe, just so much is done as Shakspeare would himself have done, in possession of the like means. Nothing in this 'Henry the Fifth' seems to us to have been officiously or gratuitously interposed. The general effect is made out by each separate detail. A gorgeous succession of ornaments and objects combine in a simple grandeur and comprehensive magnificence. Every thing contributes to its life, its vigor, its picturesqueness; the minutest matter employed has its proper task to perform, nor is the least important person engaged without his distinct and allotted place in the general design. In the expression of whatever occurs throughout the play there is simplicity, force, and directness. The nobles, recognizable in dress as well as name, are not too abstracted to express interest in what is passing before them; and the meanest soldier of the host stands truly like a greyhound in the slips, as *Harry's* burning eloquence is poured out upon him. Answerable to all this is the entire effect. With its splendor and completeness it presents a distinct significance of its own, which would apply to no other scenic exhibition we ever saw upon the stage. 'King Lear,' as Mr. Macready produced it, did not stand forth more prominently to us as some huge rocky relic of an antique time of suffering and passion, than does this 'Henry the Fifth' revive to our recollections an illuminated missal of historical events and scenes. It has the fresh and glowing colors, and the occasional quaint barrenness; it has the life and the stillness; it has the pageantry and the poverty. Where roughness gives a relish to the time, it is there; and where magnificence asserts its splendor and its chivalry, it is there also. When the vision of *Harry* with famine, fire and sword crouching at his feet, recalled by the chorus before the first act, suddenly dispersed, we saw a chamber in the royal palace that expressed this to the life. Above was a stony barrenness; below the encroachments of civilization; and in the occupants of the scene, that soul of chivalrous barbarity which pervaded the time. In a like spirit was the siege of Harfleur conducted; in the very spirit of Shakspeare's own direction of "enter soldiers *with scaling-ladders!*" So, too, with Agincourt, and the state conferences at the close; with the card-like sculpture of Eastcheap, or the quaint lilies of France; with the bustling quays at Southampton, or the barren quietness of Picardy. Every thing is rendered with the historical fitness of those Shakspearian chronicles to which our own Marlborough was content to limit his researches. There is nothing to remind us of 'Othello,' or 'Macbeth,' or 'Lear.' History sits upon her rightful throne throughout, and the higher elements of passion, feeling, or imagination, are left to their own ample and serene domain.

Mr. Macready's 'Harry the Fifth' is well known, but was never appreciated as it will be appreciated now. It touches every chord in the breast of Shakspeare's favorite 'Harry the Fifth,'—his wit, his cordial humor, his careless bonhommie, his touch of religious cant, his electric courage, his overmastering enthusiasm, his regal and most exacting love—with the spirit of a true master. We never saw a personation of greater reality, or one that so sensibly and variously moved an audience with its own emotions.

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WISDOM.—Wisdom is more conspicuous when surrounded by folly, as foxfire shows best in the dark.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER:

### AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF A SCHOLAR.

[Continued.

I LEFT the lodgings the very same hour; and this turned out a very unfortunate occurrence for me: because, living henceforward at inns, I was drained of my money very rapidly. In a fortnight I was reduced to short allowance; that is, I could allow myself only one meal a-day. From the keen appetite produced by constant exercise, and mountain air, acting on a youthful stomach, I soon began to suffer greatly on this slender regimen; for the single meal, which I could venture to order, was coffee or tea. Even this, however, was at length withdrawn: and afterwards, so long as I remained in Wales, I subsisted either on blackberries, hips, haws, &c. or on the casual hospitalities which I now and then received, in return for such little services as I had an opportunity of rendering. Sometimes I wrote letters of business for cottagers, who happened to have relatives in Liverpool, or in London: more often I wrote love-letters to their sweethearts for young women who had lived as servants in Shrewsbury, or other towns on the English border. On all such occasions I gave great satisfaction to my humble friends, and was generally treated with hospitality: and once in particular, near the village of Llan-y-styndw (or some such name,) in a sequestered part of Merionethshire, I was entertained for upwards of three days by a family of young people, with an affectionate and fraternal kindness that left an impression upon my heart not yet impaired. The family consisted, at that time, of four sisters, and three brothers, all grown up, and all remarkable for elegance and delicacy of manners. So much beauty, and so much native good-breeding and refinement, I do not remember to have seen before or since in any cottage, except once or twice in Westmoreland and Devonshire. They spoke English: an accomplishment not often met with in so many members of one family, especially in villages remote from the high road. Here I wrote, on my first introduction, a letter about prize-money, for one of the brothers, who had served on board an English man-of-war; and more privately, two love-letters for two of the sisters.—They were both interesting looking girls, and one of uncommon loveliness. In the midst of their confusion and blushes, whilst dictating, or rather giving me general instructions, it did not require any great penetration to discover that what they wished was, that their letters should be as kind as was consistent with proper maidenly pride. I contrived so to temper my expressions, as to reconcile the gratification of both feelings: and they were as much pleased with the way in which I had expressed their thoughts, as (in their simplicity) they were astonished at my having so readily discovered them. The reception one meets with from the women of a family, generally determines the tenor of one's whole entertainment. In this case, I had discharged my confidential duties as secretary, so much to the general satisfaction, perhaps also amusing them with my conversation, that I was pressed to stay with a cordiality which I had little inclination to resist. I slept with the brothers, the only unoccupied bed standing in the apartment of the young women: but in all other points, they treated me with a respect not usually paid to purses as light as mine; as if my scholarship were sufficient evidence, that I was of 'gentle blood.' Thus I lived with them for three days, and great part of a fourth: and, from the undiminished kindness which they continued to show me, I believe I might have staid with them up to this time, if their power had corresponded with their wishes. On the last morning, however, I perceived upon their countenances as they sate at breakfast, the expression of some unpleasant communication which was at hand; and soon after one of the brothers explained to me, that their parents had gone, the day before my arrival, to an annual meeting of Methodists, held at Caernarvon, and were that day expected to return; 'and if they should not be so civil as they ought to be,' he begged, on the part of all the young people, that I would not take it amiss. The parents returned, with churlish faces, and "*Dym Sassenach*," *(no English)* in answer to all my addresses. I saw how matters stood; and so, taking an affectionate leave of my kind and interesting young hosts, I went my way. For, though they spoke warmly to their parents in my behalf, and often excused the manner of the old people, by saying, that it was 'only their way,' yet I easily understood that my talent for writing love-letters would do as little to recommend me with two grave sexagenarian Welsh Methodists, as my Greek Sapphics or Alcaics: and what had been hospitality, when offered to me with the gracious courtesy of my young friends, would become charity, when connected with the harsh demeanor of these old people. Certainly, Mr. Shelley is right in his notions about old age: unless powerfully counteracted by all sorts of opposite agencies, it is a miserable corrupter and blighter to the genial charities of the human heart.

Soon after this, I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long-sufferings; without using a disproportionate expression I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings, by a detail of all that I endured: for

extremities such as these, under any such circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want, and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings, that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London, I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly, that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table and a few chairs. But I found on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone for some time before I came: and great joy the poor creature expressed, when she found that I was in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large; and from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious staircase and hall: and amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more, it appeared, from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever: but alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow: but with no other covering than a sort of horseman's cloak: afterwards however, we discovered in a garret, an old sopha-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that in general she was tolerably warm and often slept when I could not: for during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in the day-time and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching; for besides the tumultuousness of my dreams, which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium, my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep;* so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often as it seemed to me, awakened suddenly by my own voice; and about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me at different periods of my life, viz. a sort of twitching, I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach, which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness, as I said before, I was constantly falling asleep and constantly awaking. Meantime the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs: improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone: indeed, his ten-equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which for the most part was a little more than a roll or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or if he *had* asked a party, as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several members of it must have *stood* in the relation to each other (not *sate* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of co-existence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space.—During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged, (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study, if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, &c.; that room was to her the Bluebeard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. ——, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know: but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. —— make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c.; and except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, &c, to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the day-time, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night; for as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable; and in general, therefore, I went off and sate in the parks, or elsewhere until nightfall.

But who and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law, who—what shall I say?—who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience; (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste: in many walks of life, a conscience is a more expensive incumbrance, than a wife or a carriage; and just as people talk of 'laying down' their carriages, so I suppose my friend, Mr. —— had 'laid down' his conscience for a time; meaning doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense.—Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues and complex chicanery, 'cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,' at which I sometimes smile to this day—and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time, gave me little experience, in my own person, of any qualities in Mr. ——'s character but such as did him honor; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget every thing but that towards me he was obliging, and to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not indeed, very extensive; however, in common with the rats I sate rent free; and as Dr. Johnson has recorded, that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Bluebeard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service; "the world was all before us;" and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one; it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London; about ten o'clock, this very night August 15, 1821, being my birth-day—I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford-street, purposely to take a glance at it: it is now occupied by a respectable family; and by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party assembled at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast in my eyes to the darkness—cold—silence—and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar, and a neglected child.—Her, by the bye, in after years I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child: she was neither pretty nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel-accessaries to conciliate my affections; plain human nature in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me: and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother with children of her own; but as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret, but another person there was at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown. For not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb—'*Sine Cerere*,' &c. it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape: on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman and child, that chance might fling in my way: a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor limitary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no! let me not class thee, Oh noble minded Ann ——, with that order of women; let me find if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive. For many weeks I had walked at night with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford-street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself: she told me indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence, as I have had reason to think, and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect, and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel, which though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and under ground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers: and it cannot be denied that the outside air and frame-work of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed: and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate: friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time: for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart: and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done: for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak in her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realize. Meantime, that which she rendered to me and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this:—One night when we were pacing slowly along Oxford-street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square: thither we went; and we sate down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sate, I grew much worse: I had been leaning my head against her bosom; and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all re-ascent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion—who had herself met with little but injuries in this world—stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford-street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach, which at that time would have rejected all solid food, with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse at a time—be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.—Oh! youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfillment,—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to way-lay—to overtake—to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness and of final reconciliation!

I do not often weep: for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay hourly, descend a thousand fathoms 'too deep for tears;' not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears—wanting of necessity to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any tendency to meditative sorrow, would by that same levity be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings:—but also, I believe that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquillizing belief as to the future balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts, I am cheerful to this hour: and as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others: and often when I walk at this time

in Oxford-street by dreamy lamp-light, and hear those airs played on a barrel-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her) I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us forever. How it happened the reader will understand from what remains of this introductory narration.

[To be continued.]

### BRIGHT THOUGHTS FOR DARK HOURS.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

I WOULD I were a fairy, as light as falling snows,
To do whate'er my fancy bade, to wander where I chose:
I 'd visit many a pleasant spot—a merry life I 'd lead,
With all of bright and beautiful to serve me at my need.

I 'd never give a single thought to misery or care;
My heart should have the gladness of a wild bird in the air;
And if perchance a tempest should gather in the sky,
I 'd crouch beneath a lily-bell until the cloud passed by.

The violet—the cowslip—the little warbling bee
That cannot for his life withhold the music of his glee—
The butterfly, that silent thing of many gorgeous dyes,
The denizen of garden realms, a pilgrim of the skies—

The starry-twinkling glow-worm, that, like a drop of dew,
Sheds faintly on the trembling grass a line of emerald hue—
The daisy and the daffodil—the small gem on the lea—
Of these I 'd make my playmates, and these my friends should be.

I 'd hie me to the greenwood—I 'd sit me down and sing
Beneath the quiet curtain of the nightingale's soft wing!
My pillow should be rose leaves without a single thorn,
And there I 'd chaunt my roundelay until the blush of morn.

The world is full of sorrows—on every side I see
Shadow instead of sunlight, and grief instead of glee;
Or if I hear the trumpet-voice of Pleasure cleave the sky,
The mournful echo, Sadness, is certain to reply.

Oh, would I were a fairy, as light as falling snows,
To do whate'er my fancy bade, to wander where I chose:
I 'd visit many a sunny spot, and far away I 'd flee
Where Crime and Folly seldom come—beneath the forest tree.

Athenæum.

From the Dublin University Magazine for June.

## THE DATURA FASTUOSA.... A BOTANICAL TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF E. T. W. HOFFMAN.

### CHAPTER IV. [Concluded.]

THE mind, in any of its extremes, whether of sorrow or of passion, naturally turns within for relief. When Eugenius found himself at the entrance of the coffee-house, instead of going in to seek his friend, as usual, he turned away rapidly, his steps mechanically leading him toward the open fields.

He found himself opposite the gate of a spacious garden. The air was literally loaded with the most delicious perfume; and when he ventured to look in, astonishment fixed him to the spot.

It seemed as though the trees and shrubs of every clime had been transplanted by magic from their several countries to this enchanted garden. The colors were as rich, the growth as luxuriant, as if they stood upon their native soil. The spacious walks were lined with exotics which Eugenius knew but by name or description; and even those which he had seen before in his own conservatory here bloomed in beauty and luxuriance such as he had never dreamed of. At the extremity of the principal walk he could see a circular space, with a marble fountain, from which a triton was dashing streams of water into the air. Here and there you might see the rarest and most beautiful birds: silver peacocks, displaying their rich trains; golden pheasants, their plumage as if bathed in the tints of the evening sun. Opposite the entrance stood a DATURA FASTUOSA. It was literally covered with those fragrant, funnel-shaped flowers—so magnificent, that the poor student blushed when he thought of the miserable specimen at home. It was the mother's favorite; and he forgot all his vexation in the involuntary wish "Ah, if she had such a Datura in her garden!"

On a sudden the evening breeze wafted toward him, from a distant part of this magic grove, the faint notes of some unknown instrument, and then the full tones of a female voice, surpassingly beautiful. It was one of those outpourings of the passionate inspirations of the South—the glowing romances of Spain.

He was intoxicated—bewildered with contradictory emotions—soft, indescribable melancholy—burning, yet nameless desire. He sunk upon his knees, his throbbing brow pressed against the bars of the lattice. At last the sound of approaching footsteps awakened him from this dreamy state; and he withdrew hastily, fearful of being surprised under such excitement.

On his return home, although it was nearly dark, he found Margaret still busied with the plants in the garden. Her voice trembled as she bade him good evening; and she did not raise her eyes from the ground.

"What is the matter, dearest Margaret?" said he, struck by the confusion of her manner. "Look up, my dear girl, and say what has grieved you so much."

She raised her eyes; they were filled with tears.

"What is the matter, dearest Margaret?" repeated Eugenius, taking her hand. A thrill ran through her frame, she trembled, and her breast heaved quickly, till at length she burst into a convulsive sobbing.

"Speak, for the love of heaven!" repeated he, leading her with difficulty to a seat. "Tell me all—do not fear to confide all to me."

The kindness of his tone appeared to reassure her. It was with great difficulty, notwithstanding, that he drew from her the cause of her alarm.

A stranger, of a most singular appearance, had come into the garden suddenly, to inquire for Eugenius, during his absence. His manner was forward, and even daring; and there was a reckless familiarity in his gaze, which terrified the poor girl. He asked her a number of rude questions about herself and Eugenius, which she could scarcely bring herself to repeat; and when the good mother appeared at the window, he laughed at her with a most malicious leer, ridiculing her age, and asking Margaret whether she was not jealous. He quitted the garden, at last, in the same hurried, mysterious manner in which he had entered.

"But, dear Margaret," said Eugenius, when she had concluded, "I do not see any thing in this to create such dreadful alarm."

"Oh, my God!" cried the girl, with a fresh burst of grief, "how often has the good mother told me that the devil wanders about perpetually in human form, sowing tares among the good corn—spreading snares for the feet of the virtuous! Alas! alas! I doubt not—this stranger was—the demon"—— She stopped short.

Eugenius in her description had recognized his Spanish friend, and guessed what she was unwilling to say. Struck by her extreme distress, he asked whether, of late, she had observed any change in his conduct.

The question unlocked the whole story of her uneasiness. She told him, with the most touching simplicity, that "at home, where he used to be so cheerful, he was now always moody, reserved and silent—often so gloomy and severe that she could not summon courage to speak to him; that now he never thought of her evening lesson, to her the happiest hour of the day; that he had lost all care for his once-loved flowers, and even yesterday had passed without bestowing one look on the beautiful balsams which she had taken so much pains to bring into blow; that, above all, the dear"——

Her voice was choked with weeping.

"Be calm, dear child," said Eugenius, soothingly; "do not distress yourself about these childish imaginations."

The poor girl had risen from her seat. Eugenius, while he was speaking, was astonished to see, as if a veil had fallen from his eyes, that she was no longer a child, but a blooming maiden of sixteen. He was confounded; for, although she had been before his eyes every day, he had always thought of her as the little girl whom he had first known, years before.

As he was leaving the garden, he said to her—

"Do not distress yourself, dear Margaret—all this will be corrected."

Her grief, her horror of the stranger, had affected him strongly, and excited his indignation against Dame Helms, to whom he ascribed it all. When he entered the room, as soon as she commenced to speak, he interrupted her with a torrent of invective, accusing her of filling the girl's head with idle imaginations, and with prejudice against his friend Fermino, of whom she knew nothing, and whose character was beyond the comprehension of an old professor's widow.

"Oh, my God!" cried she, raising her hands to heaven, "is it indeed gone so far?"

"I know not what you mean," said she; "but I know it has not gone so far with me as that I make the devil my companion."

"I tell you, Eugenius," said she, in a voice of mingled sorrow and reproof, "I tell you that you are entangled in his toils! He has you at this moment in his power! He is stretching out his fangs to drag you to destruction! Renounce him, Eugenius!—abandon his works!—'t is your mother who implores, who conjures you"——

"What would you have?" interrupted he, bitterly. "Must I bury myself for ever within these dreary walls? Must I sacrifice the bloom and the flower of life? Are the innocent enjoyments of the world 'works of the evil one'?"

At this moment Margaret came in to say that supper was waiting. It passed over silent and gloomy, each feeling too deeply to venture upon conversation.

On the following morning a black servant brought a note from the Spaniard, complaining that Eugenius had not ventured into the garden, and, at the same time, assuring him that he would be anxiously expected that evening.

The thought acted like a spell upon Eugenius. The sound of that magic voice which echoed from the grove still rung upon his ear; his heart throbbed with expectation, and he forgot all his late displeasure in the prospect. At table he was as communicative as he had been reserved before. He told them where he had been the preceding night—describing, in the most rapturous terms, the beauty of what might well seem an enchanted spot; and appearing to count the moments till the hour for meeting his friend Fermino should arrive. It came at last, and he rose to leave the house. The mother, whose anxiety was increasing every day, cried out, almost despondingly,

"Alas! alas! the gate of destruction is open! The minister stands ready to receive the victim!"

"Oh, yes," cried Margaret, eagerly; "did you not perceive that it was a black man who brought the note this morning?"

"Oh, then, it must have been Lucifer, or perhaps his prime minister!" said Eugenius, laughing. "Margaret, Margaret, are you still afraid of the chimney-sweeper?"

The girl blushed; and he hurried away to his appointment without waiting for more. He found, on his arrival, that his expectations had fallen far short of the reality. He could not speak, for a time, in astonishment at the splendor which met his eye upon all sides.

"Is it not true," said his friend, "that there are treasures of whose existence you had never dreamed? This is somewhat different from the professor's garden."

"Oh, name it not!" replied Eugenius. "The paltry, miserable spot!—where, like a sickly, unthriving plant, I have dragged out a wretched, joyless existence! What magnificence! These plants—these flowers! Oh, to live here—to dwell here!"

Fermino said that when Eugenius became known to the Count Angelo, which he would be most happy to bring about, it would be easy to gratify that wish—at least for all the time he could spare from the society of his bride.

"But I fear," continued he, in a tone of irony, "I fear it will not be easy to prevail on a young bridegroom like you to absent himself long from the pleasures of his home. I have seen your lady; and, in truth, she has worn her years well. It is surprising how long Cupid keeps his torch alive in some hearts. But come now—you must not be jealous."

Here was the curse of ridicule again! Eugenius recollected the warning of his friend Severus; but he knew that to speak would but the more provoke the Spaniard's raillery; while he felt, with new bitterness, that a false, mistaken fancy had robbed him of his happiness for life. He did not reply; but the burning blush which overspread his features told but too well the effect of the sarcasm.

"'T is true," continued his tormentor, "that this is very beautiful, and even splendid; but do not call your own garden dreary and comfortless. Even yesterday did I myself find something there which throws all the shrubs and flowers and plants in the world into the shade. You are surprised.—What could I mean but the sweet little girl who lives with you? How old is the little darling?"

"I believe sixteen," stammered Eugenius.

"Ha! sixteen!" replied Fermino; "sixteen—the most interesting of all ages! Ha! my quiet friend, when I saw this pretty little maiden, many things became clear to me which before I could not understand. Your home is quite a pastoral retreat! Sixteen!"

"Shame, shame!" interrupted Eugenius, his blood boiling with indignation. "Your scandalous insinuations cannot sully the fair fame of the maiden, which is pure as the polished mirror."

"Well, well; be not angry," continued the Spaniard, with a malicious look. "You know that the clearest mirror represents most perfectly the object presented to it; and this image——but I see you do not wish that I should speak of this little treasure—so I must e'en hold my tongue."

The young man's countenance, indeed, displayed very visibly the bitter displeasure which he felt. A secret dislike against Fermino sprung up within him; and he began to think that Margaret's simple-minded suspicions might not be utterly without foundation. At this moment that same wondrous music issued from the grove, its strains swelling onwards like the waves of the sea; and he could again distinguish that magic voice which, on the last evening, had awakened in his soul those mingled feelings of rapture and melancholy.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed he, motionless with astonishment.

"What is the matter?" asked Fermino.

Eugenius did not reply, but continued to listen, rapt in amazement and delight. When the song ceased, he sighed deeply, as if his breast were relieved from a burden of rapture too great for endurance. The tears started to his eyes.

"The music seems to affect you strongly," said Fermino, smiling.

"Whence come these heavenly sounds?" cried he, wild with excitement. "Surely, from no mortal breast?"

Fermino laughed.

"It is my master Count Angelo's daughter, the Lady Gabriela," said he. "She is singing, as she strolls through the pleasure-grounds, some of our national romances, which she accompanies on her guitar."

At this moment the Countess herself, with her guitar slung upon her arm, issued from the plantation just before Eugenius.

One might be tempted to pronounce her perfectly beautiful; but it was a beauty of the most luxurious mould. Her full, well-rounded figure—the melting brilliancy of her dark eye—the dignified softness of her manner—the full, silvery tones of her sonorous voice—all gave evidence of a birth in the sunny regions of the South. In addition to these charms, in themselves sufficiently dangerous, there was an indescribable somewhat in the features and the entire expression which spoke a soul formed for passion, and which every ornament, every detail of costume, served to heighten and display. Had the Goddess of Love herself appeared before Eugenius, she could not have taken more complete possession of his imagination, already excited by the seductive music he had heard.

Fermino presented him as a young friend with whom he had lately become acquainted—a perfect master, he said, of the Spanish language, and a most skillful botanist, who was exceedingly delighted with the Count's garden.

While Fermino and the Countess exchanged significant looks, Eugenius stammered out a few unintelligible words; but when his eye met the burning glance of the young Countess, he felt as if he should sink into the earth. She handed her guitar to Fermino; and, with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance, took the arm of Eugenius.

She understood somewhat of botany herself, she said; but in the pleasure-grounds there were many strange plants with regard to which she would gladly be informed; and therefore begged that he would accompany her once more through the garden.

He complied, trembling with emotion; but when the Countess, by inquiring the names of a number of strange flowers, gave him an opportunity of displaying his favorite acquirement, he became more free. He felt her soft, warm breath playing upon his cheek, thrilling like electric fire through his frame, and filling him with a nameless delight. He knew himself no more: he felt an excitement—a species of inspiration—which had suddenly converted him as if into another being.

The darkness began to fall; and Fermino recollected that it was time for him to wait upon the Count in his chamber. Eugenius was by this time quite beside himself with excitement; and, at parting, seized the hand of the young Countess and pressed it passionately to his lips. He walked homeward with hurried steps—feeling, all the while, as if he trod on air—overpowered with sensations of delight which he had never before experienced. He flung himself upon his bed, to lie awake till dawn in a tumult of emotions—and, when he did sleep, to dream of the Countess Gabriela.

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## CHAPTER V.

He was aroused from his dreams by the sun beaming full upon his eyes. The house-maid came to tell him that the Spaniard had already called, and had been speaking with Dame Helms, who was now waiting breakfast in the garden, though somewhat alarmed at his unusually long sleep, which she feared was occasioned by illness.

He was not a little surprised when, after dressing with all possible dispatch, he found her in the garden, stooping over a splendid datura, to inhale the rich perfume of its fragrant flowers.

"Ha! sluggard!" said she, playfully, "do you know that your foreign friend has been here already inquiring for you? Well, I feel at last that I have done him injustice by my evil forebodings. Only think: he has ordered this noble datura hither from the Count's garden, because he heard you say that I admired it. Ah, dear Eugenius! even in that paradise you had a thought for your poor mother! I can only promise that it shall be carefully tended."

Eugenius knew not what to think of Fermino's conduct. He was almost led to believe that he wished, by this mark of attention, to make amends for the unworthy language in which he had spoken of a relation, whose nature he did not then understand. The Spaniard, before parting, had left a message, that he would expect Eugenius again in the evening.

The good-humored cheerfulness of the old dame's manner acted like a healing balsam upon his diseased mind. He became gay and cheerful to a degree which he had not been for long before; and she was herself too happy to perceive that his cheerfulness was unnatural, and his gaiety but a feverish excitement. This did not, however, escape the instinctive suspicion of Margaret.

"Ah!" said she, "even still he loves us not as he did formerly; his kindness and cheerfulness are only put on, that we may not inquire after what he wishes to conceal."

Eugenius found his friend in a small apartment off the conservatory, engaged in filtering a number of strange-looking fluids, which he poured into different phials.

"I am laboring in your art," said he, "though not exactly after the same fashion."

He proceeded to explain, that he understood the composition of several substances which were calculated to assist the growth and beauty of different shrubs and flowers—the secret to which the gardens owed all their beauty and magnificence. He opened a drawer, which contained a number of phials and little boxes.

"You see here," said he, "a collection of the rarest secrets, whose effects may almost be considered magical. For example: pour but a drop or two of this essence into the water with which you sprinkle the Rosa centifolia, and you will be amazed at the beauty and richness of its buds. Still more extraordinary is this dust-like powder. If it be scattered within the calyx of a flower, it mingles with the pollen; and, without changing the nature of its perfume, hightens and enriches it to an incredible degree. There are many flowers, as, for example, the datura, to which it may be applied; but it must be used with extreme caution, the smallest quantity being sufficient. The contents of this phial would instantaneously kill the most powerful man, with all the symptoms of paralysis, and without any trace of poison. Take this phial—its effect is infallible; but recollect what I have said of the deadly poison which it contains."

He handed him a small blue phial, carefully sealed. Eugenius took it from his hand; but at that moment the Countess Gabriela entered the conservatory, and he put it up without farther notice.

Gabriela, young as she was, was perfectly versed in all the mysterious arts of coquetry. She knew how far to encourage hope, in order that passion might be awakened or kept alive; and every art—every device was employed to entangle poor Eugenius deeper and deeper in the mesh. They were successful. He seemed but to live for the hours or moments spent in her presence. His quiet home became to him in the light of a dark and gloomy prison—his affectionate mother, of an evil spectre conjured up by his own childish infatuation. He saw not the silent grief which wasted her away; he saw not the bitter tears which Margaret shed, when he scarce bestowed a look upon her—scarce deigned a reply to her affectionate inquiry.

Weeks passed over in this manner. One morning Fermino called. There was a constraint in his manner, so different from his usual gaiety, that it was evident he had something of importance to communicate.

"Eugenius," said he, after a few indifferent observations, with a look which read his inmost thoughts—"Eugenius, you love the Lady Gabriela!—all your hopes—all your desires are to possess her."

"Unhappy man!" cried Eugenius, startled almost to distraction at a declaration which he had not dared to make even to himself—"Unhappy man! you have thrust your murderous hand into my heart, and destroyed the paradise which was within. Fool! what do I say? You have dragged me down, fool that I was, from the idle dream of my infatuation! Oh, I love Gabriela!—love her as man never loved; but alas! this fatal passion leads but to hopeless ruin!"

"I am not sure of that," coldly observed Fermino.

"To possess her!" replied he despondingly; "as well might a beggar pine for the richest jewel of Peru! I—a wretch lost in the misery of a mistaken life, with nothing to offer but a heart burning with passion; she—she—Gabriela!"

"I fear your unhappy circumstances make you despond too much," said Fermino. "A loving heart should labor proudly and courageously for the best."

"Alas!" interrupted the unhappy youth, "wake not fallacious hopes which can but add to my misery."

"Do you call it a 'deceitful hope,' or 'hopeless misery,'" asked Fermino, "to be loved with all the fervor of a woman's heart?"

He started up wildly.

"Peace!" said the Spaniard. "Shout as long as you will when I am gone, but, for the present, hear me calmly. It is certain that the Countess loves you with all the ardor of the Spanish temperament. She lives but in you—her whole being is yours. And do not imagine that your rank must be an obstacle to your union. There are certain relations, of which I cannot speak fully at present, which will make the proud Spaniard forget his rank, and even court your alliance. But, alas! dear Eugenius, there is another and a darker cloud hovering over the otherwise happy prospect of your love. You may easily suppose that I have avoided hinting at your family relations; she has learned all, notwithstanding—learned that you are married, and to a woman above sixty years of age. To me she laid open her whole soul, torn with grief and despair. At one moment she curses the hour in which she saw you—curses yourself; at another she calls you over and over by the tenderest names, accusing herself of her own infatuated passion; then she resolves never to see you more."

"Gracious heaven!" cried Eugenius, "what more hateful death could be devised for me?"

Fermino smiled. "This was but the first resolution of her despair," said he; "but you will have an opportunity of meeting her yourself to-night. The splendid *Cactus grandiflora* in our conservatory is expected to blow this night; and you know it fades before the sunrise. The Lady Gabriela, who regards this strange, mysterious flower as an emblem of love and death, will not fail to be present; and I will find an opportunity of concealing you in the house. Meantime, devise some plan of bursting your chains, and escaping from your hateful prison; but I leave all to love and your propitious stars. I feel for you—more, even, than for the Countess, and will spare no exertions to forward your hopes."

The Spaniard had scarcely gone, when his 'wife-mother' entered.

"Eugenius," said the matron, in a low but impressive voice—"Eugenius, matters cannot remain thus between us any longer."

A thought flashed like lightning across his mind: "Might not the disparity of their ages be made a plea for separation?"

"You are right," said he, scornfully; "it cannot remain longer so; there must be an end of this hateful alliance—the offspring of my childish infatuation—the chain which is dragging me step by step to destruction; separation—divorce—here is my hand on the proposal."

This was an unexpected blow. She became deadly pale; the tears rushed to her eyes.

"Oh, Eugenius!" said she, with a trembling voice, "will you leave me, a mark for the scorn and ridicule of the world!—me, who, when you first made your choice, preferring the peace of domestic life, the calm retirement of the soul, to the varied and busy pursuits of the world, forewarned you of the consequences?—me, who have so long been a mother to you? No, no, Eugenius, you cannot—you will not. Oh, my boy, Satan hath blinded thee! Enter into thyself! Is it come to this, that thou despisest—that thou wouldst cast away, the mother who guarded thee—who watched over thy wants—who sought nought save thy temporal and eternal well-being? Ah, Eugenius, there will not need an earthly judge to part us! I feel that the Father of light will soon call me, at least, to himself; and when I sleep, cold and forgotten, in the grave, then may my ungrateful son enjoy his freedom—then may he plunge without restraint into those pleasures whose illusions have corrupted his imagination!"

A flood of tears choked her voice, and she withdrew slowly from the apartment.

The youth, blinded as he was by passion, had not yet become so insensible as to witness without emotion this bitter outburst of anguish. He saw clearly that the step which he contemplated would bring her to the grave in shame; and he had not the heart to purchase freedom by such a measure. "No!—he would bear on—he would endure patiently!" But a voice within him whispered, "Gabriela!" Alas! all his bitterness returned with his awakened passion.

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## CHAPTER VI.

It was a dark sultry night. The wind, murmuring languidly through the gloomy grove, seemed like the heavy breathing of oppressed nature. Meteors were gliding, like serpents of fire, along the distant horizon. When Eugenius, intoxicated with passion, stood at the gate of Count Angelo's garden, the whole air was filled with the wondrous perfume of the opening cactus. He waited impatiently till Fermino appeared; and, conducting him cautiously through the garden, concealed him in a dark corner of the dimly-lighted conservatory.

In a few minutes the Countess, accompanied by Fermino and the gardener, entered the conservatory, and stood before the *Cactus grandiflora*. The gardener commenced what might seem an interminable explanation of the nature of this wondrous shrub, and of the care he had bestowed on its cultivation. But, after some time, Fermino brought him out of the house.

The lady Gabriela stood as if wrapt in a delicious dream.

"Ah," said she, mournfully, "ah, could I live—could I die like this flower! Ah, Eugenius!"

He rushed from his hiding place and flung himself at her feet. She uttered a cry of terror, and was about to fly; but the youth, in the wildness of his despairing passion, caught her in his arms. She returned the embrace—not a word—not a sound—a shower of burning kisses!

The sound of approaching steps was heard. She clasped him once more still closer to her breast, "be free—be mine—the e or DEATH!"

She pushed him gently from her, and fled through the garden. Fermino found him voiceless, insensible from rapture.

"Did I say too much?" said he. "Could man be more passionately loved? But you must not," he continued, leading him into the small room where Eugenius had found him at his chemical operations—"you must not, in the excess of your rapture, forget the necessities of the physical man."

They found a luxurious repast prepared. Eugenius could not think—could not speak save of Gabriela; and it was not difficult to induce him to drain bumper after bumper to her honor. When the morning dawned the Spaniard accompanied him to the gate.

"Remember," said he, as he left him, "remember Gabriela's parting words: BE FREE—BE MINE. Take some resolve which will lead you speedily to that end. Speedily—for we leave this at daybreak on the day after to-morrow."

The intelligence was a death-stroke to Eugenius, blasting all his new hopes of happiness. "She will go—she will go," thought he, "and I may not follow!" All his anticipations struck down by this sudden bolt! He rushed from the place with death in his heart. As he approached home his blood ran more and more wildly in his veins—the walls seemed tottering around him—he fled to the garden—his eye lighted on the DATURA, which was now in full flower. Every morning the mother used to come and stoop down over it to enjoy its delicious perfume. A fiendish thought flashed into his mind—the tempter urged him on—he recollected the phial which the Spaniard had given him. He had carried it about unconsciously ever since. He opened it—and, with averted face, poured its fatal contents into the calyx of the Datura!

It seemed as if all around were on fire. He dashed the phial from him, and ran wildly from the garden, till at length he sank exhausted in a neighboring grove. He remained for a long time insensible; and when, by degrees, his consciousness returned, all seemed but a confused dream. A voice spoke within—"What waitest thou? Why dost thou tarry? The deed is done—thy triumph is achieved!—thou art free! Away—away to her, whom thou hast won as the prize of thy happiness! All the joys of life—all its pleasures await thee!"

"I am free! she is mine!" shouted he, starting from the ground, and flying towards the fatal garden. It was noon. The gate was closed, and no one came to answer his knocking. By an irresistible impulse he clambered over the high wall—silence reigned in the garden—the walks were noiseless—he thought he heard a slight rustling in the pavilion. "Could it be she?" He approached with noiseless steps—looked in through the glass door—madness! hell! He saw her in Fermino's arms.

With a yell of fury, like that of some wild beast maddened by a mortal wound, he flung himself against the door, which flew open with a crash. But this frenzied excitement overcame his physical strength. He sank exhausted on the marble pavement of the pavilion!

"Away with the madman," shouted a voice which rang in his ears. He was seized and hurled, as if by a giant hand, out of the door, which shut with a crash behind him.

With difficulty he dragged himself to the gate, pouring out wild execrations against Fermino and Gabriela. A fiendish laugh sounded from a distance, and a voice cried in his ear, DATURA FASTUOSA! He gnashed his teeth with fury as he echoed back "Datura Fastuosa!"

On a sudden a ray of hope beamed upon his mind. He flew through the city till he reached his own house. Margaret met him at the door, and was terrified at his frightful appearance. Streams of blood trickled down his forehead, all wounded by the shattered glass—his features were wild and haggard—and his whole exterior bespoke the extreme of excitement. He caught her wildly by the hand; and, with a voice trembling with agitation, asked whether "the mother had been in the garden?"

The affrighted girl could not articulate a reply.

"Oh speak! for the love of heaven, speak!" repeated he, frantic with anguish. "Say, has she been down to the garden to-day?"

"Oh, dear Eugenius!" sobbed she at last. "The mother—no—she was not. As she was preparing to go, she felt unwell, and remained above; she has now lain down upon her bed."

"Just God!" cried Eugenius, falling on his knees, and raising his hands to heaven, "thou showest mercy even to the reprobate!"

"What dreadful event has occurred?" cried Margaret. But, without waiting to reply, he rushed to the garden, tore up the fatal shrub, and trampled its flowers in the dust. On his return he found the mother in a tranquil slumber.

"No," said he, within himself, "the hellish spell is broken—the evil demon can have no power over this virtuous being!"

He tottered, half unconscious, to his chamber—the total exhaustion of his frame for a time calming his excitement. But his mind soon reverted to the horrid picture of that diabolical deceit, whose victim he had been made; and, in his despair, he thought that his crime could not be expiated save by his own hand; but he resolved that vengeance—frightful vengeance—should go before.

He made all his preparations with that silent, unnatural tranquillity, which, after a storm of passion, is but an index of depth of purpose. He procured a case of double-barrelled pistols, and loaded them with extreme deliberation; and, concealing them carefully, proceeded toward the Spaniard's garden. Without observing that the entrance was beset by the police, he was in the act of going in, when he was suddenly seized by some one from behind. It was his long-neglected friend Severus.

"Whither are you going? what do you intend here?" said he.

"Do I bear the mark of Cain upon my brow?" said the wretched man in his despair. "Think you I am bent on an errand of murder?"

Severus took his arm, and gently drew him away.

"Do not ask me," said he, "how I have learnt it; but, be assured, I have heard it all—that, by their hellish schemes, they have entangled you in the most dangerous snares—that you have been blinded by their diabolical arts—that you are meditating a frightful revenge. Your vengeance is late. The supposed Count Angelo and his accomplished fellow-laborer have just been arrested by the government; and, at this moment are on their way to the capital; and the Countess Gabriela has been recognized as an opera-dancer, who figured in one of the theatres at Venice during the last Carnival."

Severus allowed this intelligence to produce its own effect. By degrees, with that quiet authority which his clear, sound judgement enabled him to exercise, he explained to Eugenius the complicated perils from which he had been rescued; and at length succeeded in gaining possession of the pistols, which he immediately fired in the air.

The pretended Count and his secretary were, it appeared, emissaries of a secret society; which, in order to secure more completely the allegiance of its members, sought to attach them by the fatal and indissoluble bonds of crime. They spared no pains in the attainment of this diabolical purpose. Severus had been himself the object of similar designs; but, fortunately, was extricated from their toils, before he could be seduced to that depth of danger from which his friend had been thus happily rescued.

Eugenius scarcely knew what was passing around, until he found himself, with his friend Severus, beside the sick bed of his injured mother. He shuddered, in the depth of his remorse for his intended crime. She smiled affectionately upon them both.

"Eugenius," said she, "my evil forebodings were not unfounded; but the Father of lights has rescued thee from the snares of hell. I forgive thee all, Eugenius! but, heavenly Father! why speak of forgiveness? I, who must accuse myself of all. 'Tis now, in my old age, I see that man is bound to earthly things by ties from which he cannot free himself, for they are the work of the Eternal! Oh, Eugenius, it is a sinful pride to disregard the rational claims of life, which nature herself dictates, and presumptuously to imagine, that we are superior to their influence. Not thou, Eugenius—'tis I who have erred. I will myself atone for the error, and endure the scorn of the world. Eugenius, thou art free!"

The young man, penetrated with remorse, knelt by the bedside; and, bathing her hand with his tears, vowed that he would never part more from his mother—that he could not hope to expiate his crimes, save in a life of piety and peace with her.

"Thank heaven! thou art again my own virtuous son," said the matron, her cheek lighting up with the sweet smile of peace. "Soon—very soon, I feel—will heaven grant thee thy reward!"

Her anticipations were but too just. Her illness became daily more and more serious; and at length, when the leaves had fallen, she slumbered away, like her lamented husband, in the arms of Margaret and Eugenius.

It was not till then that the horror of his intended crime came with full force before the young man's mind; for, though it had happily been frustrated, yet he looked upon himself as a murderer, and his soul was torn with all the horrors of remorse.

His true friend Severus labored to calm his despair, and with some success. But he sunk into silent melancholy, avoiding all society, and refusing all, almost even necessary, sustenance. Weeks passed over in this unhappy state. One day Margaret came into his apartment in a full traveling dress.

"I am come, dear master Eugenius," said she, with a tremulous voice—"I am come to take my leave of you. My family in the village three miles hence will now take me back again. I came to bid you"——

She could not articulate the word.

A new light burst upon Eugenius. It seemed as if the griefs which had been corroding his heart were vanished, and a new feeling—one which had been long, though insensibly, growing—had taken its place.

"Margaret," cried he, passionately, "if you leave me I shall die the death of the despairing sinner! Oh, dearest Margaret, be mine for ever!"

How long—how truly had the poor girl loved him—even before she was herself aware of it! She sank faint and unconscious in his arms.

At this moment Severus entered the room.

"Thank heaven, my friend," said he, "you have found the angel of light, who will lead your soul back again to peace, and secure your happiness both in this and a better world."

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THE ABSURDITIES OF IGNORANCE.—Among the ridiculous opinions prevailing among the ignorant, though now confined to very few, is that if a woman be married without her clothes on, her husband is not liable for her debts. This is as well-founded as the belief among a portion of the very ignorant in England, that a husband may sell his wife; that is, it has not, and never had any legal foundation.

On Tuesday evening, a widower applied to an alderman in this county, to marry him to a widow. The alderman undertaking to act as matrimonial blacksmith, accompanied the applicant to the house where the chains were to be riveted. Introduced to the apartment where he was to officiate, he saw two well-dressed and pretty women holding a blanket extended across a corner. Above it were visible a head and shoulders, the latter very fair and quite guiltless of clothing. As this is the fashion, the alderman was not surprised; but being very polite, and therefore looking down for fear of embarrassing the lady, he saw two little feet peeping from beneath the blanket, as white and as bare as the shoulders above. Thinking that he had got into the wrong apartment at an unseasonable hour, he begged pardon for the supposed intrusion and beat a retreat. But before he reached the door, the two bride-maids told him to stay, for there was the bride behind the blanket, waiting to be married.

More astonished than ever—indeed struck quite *in a heap*—he requested the bridegroom to explain. Thus appealed to, the swain said that the lady behind the blanket, in the costume of Venus de Medicis without the gauze wrapper that some modest people among us put over it when they stick it up in the parlor, was *the widow. The widow who?* inquired the alderman. The widow that is waiting for me to marry her. But why does she choose that dress for the occasion? asked the forger of hymeneal manacles. Her late husband died about $150 in debt, and if she marries again without any clothes on, her new husband is not legally bound to pay the debt. Therefore, while she stands behind the blanket, and reaches her hand over, I can stand before it and hold her hand, and you can say the word and make us one.

The alderman, after a hearty laugh at this learned exposition of the law, told the bridegroom that if he married the widow even without her skin, the precaution would not save him from his predecessor's debts, but that according to law, he must take her *cum onere*, with all her burdens. Thus advised, the widow Venus went up stairs, put off the costume of a goddess, and soon descended in the habiliments appropriate to a modern wedding among the civilized, and, covering over her face to conceal her blushes, was joined for better or worse to the widower. Philadelphia World.

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### UNFADING BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts, with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes. Carew.

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### A WEDDING AT SEA.

A Paris correspondent of the New-England Review gives the following sketch of an interesting scene which occurred on board the ship in which he sailed from this country:

"A novel circumstance took place while on our passage, which I must relate. There was a Mr. H. on board, who was formerly a merchant in Massachusetts, since in Connecticut, and late of New-York. He was a kind, open-hearted fellow, full of fun, and withal very intelligent, as well as handsome. His age was about twenty-seven. He came on board an entire stranger to us all; but as we made it a point to have *but one family* on board, and as we soon discovered his amiable qualities, he was very soon made a welcome member.

"On the sixth day out, he came to me and inquired the name and circumstances of an elderly gentleman passenger, who was accompanied by his daughter, with whom Mr. H. seemed deeply smitten. For my own part I could see nothing exceedingly attractive about Miss J., save that she was very agreeable in her manners, and highly intelligent. I informed him, and, at his request, gave him a formal introduction, which terminated in the following manner:

Soon after the introduction, it became evident that a mutual liking and affection existed between Mr. H. and Miss J., who, from their open expressions of fondness, began to attract the attention of all and the admiration of many of the passengers. They were frequently observed in their close conversations, and a game of whist was scarcely ever played in which they were not partners. On the second Sunday of our passage, we solicited the Rev. Mr. G., who was on his way to Italy, to preach a sermon. By the politeness of Capt. N. a large awning was spread above us, seats were prepared, and a congregation of seventy-six persons, including the steerage passengers and sailors, was collected to participate in the religious exercises. A small desk was erected into a pulpit, and a choir was formed by 'going into a committee of the whole.' The text was read and the sermon delivered, of which I need not speak. At the conclusion of the sermon, our minister rose and read the following card which lay on his desk:

'Wm. Bentley H——, Esq. of New York, intends marriage with Miss Maria Louisa J——.'

"We were more surprised at the novelty of the thing than at the fact itself, and, indeed, such was the feeling created by the sudden and unexpected announcement made, that we all forgot the serious impressions made on our minds by the minister, in our hearty and vociferous congratulations of the happy pair. But it did not end here. A proposition was made to the parties to have the affair consummated that evening, which was cheerfully acceded to by them, to the great pleasure of all on board. Accordingly all things were arranged to order, the best state room was to be given up to them, and every one felt gay and happy as the hour approached which should witness the consummation of their nuptial vows. The evening was calm and delightful; not a sail fluttered in the breeze; not a voice was heard; not the least stir or bustle about the deck, and the moon looked down in loveliness on the tranquil scene.

"As at noon, every soul on board gathered to the temple which had been erected for religious worship, and in less than fifteen minutes the marriage ceremony was performed by our worthy minister, who made a few remarks and closed with prayer.

"The scene was truly as sublime as romantic. The fair bride came out dressed in a robe of pure white satin, leaning on the arm of her lover, bound to the altar, and heard her marriage vow pronounced where only an hour or two before she uttered her vows to God. Many a tear of joy stole down the cheeks of those who looked on, and not a care cast the shadow of its wing across the scene of triumphant love and bliss."

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?—We know a man 'out west,' by the name of Stickney, who had so *many* sons that he couldn't find names for them all, so he distinguished them in this manner—*One* Stickney, *Two* Stickney, *Three* Stickney, and so on, from the oldest to the youngest. For instance, in giving out his orders, he would say: "Here, you *One* Stickney, go and put out this gen'p'lans horse; *Four* Stickney, go to school; *Ten* Stickney, draw a bucket of water, and tell *Fifteen* Stickney to help you."

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A MARTYR.—"What are you down there for?" said a gentleman in one of the Mississippi towns to a loafer who was lying in the gutter. "Me: oh, I 've only *fallen* a martyr to the gallon law, that 's all."

### THE DREAMING GIRL.

She floats upon the sea of mist
In fancy's boat of amethyst!
A dreaming girl, with her fair cheek
Supported with a snow-white arm,
In the calm joy of innocence,
Subdued by some unearthly charm.
The clusters of her dusky hair
Are floating on her bosom fair,
Like early darkness stealing o'er
The amber tints that daylight gave,
Or like the shadow of a cloud
Upon a fainting summer wave.
Is it a spirit of joy or pain
Sails on the river of her brain?
For lo! the crimson on her cheek
Faints and glows like a dying flame—
Her heart is beating loud and quick—
Is not Love that spirit's name?
Up-waking from her blissful sleep
She starts with fear too wild to weep:
Through her lattice ivy-curtained,
The moon peeps in with his bright eyes;
All is silent; where she left it
Eloisa open lies.
Perfume loved when it is vanished,
Pleasure hardly felt ere banished,
Is the happy maiden's vision
That doth on her memory gleam,
And her heart leaps up with gladness—
That bliss was nothing but a dream!

*New-York Literary Gazette.*

A ROMANCE IN REALITY.—The following story has but one ingredient in it to prevent it from being more romantic than any legend that the imagination of the novelist or the romancer could muster for the concoction of a work of fiction—It is true. *That* drawback is the only one it has upon the artificial fancy. If it were in our power to pronounce it pure apocrypha or even a simple effort of a novelist's invention, it would of course be first rate fiction. As it is, the reader must take it as tamely and swallow its incidents so far as in him lies, with as much gusto as reality is capable of exciting in the literary stomach. It would be a little unreasonable not to appreciate a story because we happen to believe it. [Gaz.

Mr. Clark told me the following curious story:—That when he was at Alicant, a galley arrived, which had just escaped from Tangiers with the first or favorite wife of Muli Muhomed, the late emperor of Morocco, who had lately been assassinated by his rebellious son, Muli Ismael. This lady, who with her attendants, was seeking a refuge in Spain, was originally a Miss Thomson, of Cork, and when on her passage from that city to Cadiz on a matrimonial expedition, she had been captured by a Moorish Corsair, and made a slave. Her first intended bridegroom had been a Mr. Shee, an Irish mer chant settled at Cadiz, who during a visit which he had made to his native country, had become acquainted with and attached to Miss Thomson, who possessed great charms; but as some impediments existed to their immediate union, they parted, having first plighted their troth; and with the understanding that at some future period she should join him at Cadiz, as it would be injurious to his commercial interests for him to absent himself again from the field of his speculations.

The lady in fulfilment of her promise, sailed to join her future husband; but, as just narrated, her destiny was changed by the capture of the vessel she was in by a Marroquin corsair, which carried her into Fezz. Here Miss Thomson was detained a slave, and closely confined, until a report of her uncommon beauty having reached the emperor, Muli Mahomed, she was by his orders removed to the imperial palace, and every inducement held out to her to embrace the Mahomedan faith, and accede to the emperor's desire of making her his wife. Whether it was by persuasion, or from conviction that her fate was irrevocably decided, her various scruples were overcome, and she became the wife of Muli Mahomed, and subsequently the mother of two sons, who bore the names, the eldest of Muli Ismael, and the younger of Muli Mahomed. She was the most favored of her imperial husband's wives, for he had many besides; and the number must have been great, as I have heard both from Mr. Clark and Mr. Romans, who were at one time established as merchants in Morocco, that the emperor Muli Mahomed actually formed a regiment composed entirely of his own sons, to the number of 523, most of them being blacks. Mr. Clark says that this wonderful fated lady, when he saw her in Spain, was dressed in the Moorish costume; and strange as it appears, she seemed in all respects to have adopted the tastes of her new country in preference to those of Christendom, for she afterwards returned to Morocco and there ended her days.

INSTINCT.—This wonderful and mysterious power, which invariably leads its possessor right, and never, like man's boasted reason, gets its followers into difficulties, is seldom more beautifully displayed than in the following instance:

In a hive of bees it was discovered that the moth had commenced his ravages, and the destruction of the young bees, or the abandonment of the hive by the old ones, was anticipated. In view of the latter alternative, a new hive was placed near the old one. Shortly after, the bees were seen entering it, each carrying what appeared to be some green leaf. On examining the hive, long rolls of clover leaves were discovered. Looking closely, they were found to consist of separate packages neatly folded up, and cemented at the edges with great nicety; each package containing a young bee, and a sufficient quantity of nutriment for its support. From the facts, it would seem that the persecuted bees, in order to guard their young in future from the attacks of their deadly enemy, adopted this ingenious device. Had they been actuated by what man calls reason, could they have superior intelligence or greater apparent knowledge of causation?

AN ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.—The following adventure occurred during an invasion of our Niagara frontier by the British in the last war, and is detailed in a recent Guide Book to Niagara Falls, by J. De Veaux, Esq. The hero of the story is the present Comptroller of the Finances of this State:

The roads had been deeply broken up, and were frozen in that state, and it was impossible to proceed with wagons; a very little snow enabled the inhabitants slowly to move along with sleighs. They were fleeing from a relentless and cruel enemy. The rear of the fugitives was brought up with a two-horse sleigh, driven by a young man, who was walking by the side of his horses. In the sleigh lay his brother, who, one week before, had had his leg amputated just below the thigh. His condition was very feeble, and to proceed rapidly, rough as the roads then were, would have been death to him. There was no alternative, but to continue the moderate pace at which they were moving. The driver was armed with a rifle,—At that, and distrustfully behind him, he alternately looked; for he knew the foe was near at hand. At length, the war-whoop, with its accompanying yells, broke upon their ears. The disabled brother besought the other to leave him to his fate, and by flight to save his own life.—"No," he replied, "if we are to die, we will perish together." The party of Indians that pursued them, were in full sight; and one, far in advance of the others, called to them to stop, making threatening gestures, and raising his rifle. With the same slow pace, the horses proceeded; the driver coolly collecting himself for the conflict, in which there were such fearful odds against him. The Indian sprang forward and was within a few paces of the sleigh, when the young man, suddenly turning himself, quickly raised his rifle, and firing, fatally wounded his pursuer. The savage plunged forward, fell, and his body rolled out of the road. A yell of vengeance, from the band in the road, came like the knell of death upon the brothers. At that moment a friendly party of the Tuscaroras were seen descending the adjacent mountain; and the well directed fire they opened upon the British Indians, obliged them precipitately to retire. The driver of the sleigh was the Hon. Bates Cooke, and the invalid was his brother, Lathrop Cooke, Esq. Mr. B. Cooke, at the battle of Queenston, was pilot of the boat that led the van on that occasion; the boat was brought to the exact point designated, and the men, though fired upon by the sentinel, who gave the alarm, were landed without loss.

ECCENTRICITIES OF ALFIERI.—Alfieri, that eccentric Italian and fine poet, was partial to long hair, and wore his hair floating about just as we see the poor Ophelia's. One day he was leaning against a sideboard decorated with a costly Chinese tea-service, but, by a sudden movement of his tresses, down went one of the tea-cups. The lady of the mansion took the liberty of telling him he had spoilt the service, and he might as well have broken them all; when instantly Alfieri, without uttering a syllable, or changing countenance, swept off the whole service upon the floor. Again, at the theatre at Turin, he was lolling over a side-box, into which his lovely auburn ringlets fell, and wherein was a lady. She broke out into the most violent encomiums upon his locks, and kept repeating the same; but the wearer was mute, he was for the present ungrateful. Next morning, however, the lady received a parcel containing all the hair of the poet's head, with the following billet: "If you like the hair, here it is: but for Heaven's sake, leave me alone."

THE GRAND EUTERPEON.—A late London paper gives the following account of a newly invented musical instrument:

The nobility and the amateurs of the musical world are now enjoying a high treat by the performance of one of the most extraordinary and magnificent instruments ever brought to perfection by the perseverance and skill of man. This instrument, called the Grand Euterpeon, is the production of a well-known German artist, M. Blessing, who devoted upwards of twenty years, and expended more than five thousand pounds, to the designing, forming, and perfecting it; it is, in point of fact, a most complete specimen of mechanism, and stands unrivaled in every respect. It is wholly self-acting, not requiring the aid of any one while playing, and produces the effect of a full, first-rate band. The overtures to 'Guillaume Tell,' 'Masaniello,' 'Oberon,' Mozart's 'G. Symphony,' Haydn's 'Creation,' are executed in the most masterly style, and the performance does ample justice to their eminent composers. It can also be used as a piano and organ, having two rows of keys for the fingers, and stops, and a row of pedals for the feet, which may be played *ad libitum*; indeed, it is only by hearing it that its wonderful powers can be properly appreciated. The instrument, we are informed, contains nearly sixteen hundred trumpets, clarionets, oboes, etc. etc., with a drum of large size, a triangle, and every thing constituting a military band; and from its extraordinary grand appearance and highly furnished mechanism, we should say that it is truly deserving of a conspicuous place in a palace, mansion, or public institution. It may be necessary to state that it stands twelve feet high, is seven feet six inches wide, and four feet deep, and weighs nearly four tons; it contains twelve bellows and sixteen stops, and, when closed, has the appearance of a costly piece of cabinet furniture.

FOX ANECDOTE.—Wandering, some time since, along the shore of Long Island, not far from Smithtown, my attention was suddenly arrested by the peculiar juxtaposition of a fox, and a flock of wild geese that were lazily and confidently floating down the current, along the verge of a sedge which thickly coated the banks. Reynard, as soon as he observed the approach of his intended prey, betook himself to a device worthy of a Talleyrand. He seized upon a large bunch of sedge grass, dropped quietly into the water, and having swam so far into the stream as to intercept his bunting game, 'marked time,' with all of his body merged, except the tip end of his nose, capped with the aforesaid bunch of sedge grass, until he found himself in the midst of the unsuspecting flock, when throwing off his disguise, he made a dash at and secured two of the geese, which he bore off triumphantly, I having no disposition to interfere in so admirably conducted a specimen of his legitimate vocation. *Spirit of the Times.*

DISCOVERY OF MUMMIES AT DURANGO, MEXICO.—A million of mummies, it is stated, have lately been discovered in the environs of Durango, in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture, but have the same wrappings, bands and ornaments as the Egyptian. Among them was found a poniard of flint, with a sculptured handle, chaplets, necklaces, &c., of alternately colored beads, fragments of bones polished like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues, (probably our modern India rubber cloth) moccasins worked like those of our Indians to-day, bones of vipers, &c. It remains to continue these interesting researches, and America will become another Egypt to antiquarians, and her ruins will go back to the oldest periods of the world, showing doubtless that the ancestors of the Montezumas lived on the Nile, and that their luxurious civilization was broken up and overpowered by the hardy hordes of Asiatic Tartars, who came down from Behring's Straits and the Rocky Mountains. The scenes of Attila and Alaric in Rome and Greece, were rehearsed at an earlier day on the shores of California and the plains of Mexico. It is unknown of the mummies above mentioned what kind of embalmment was used, or whether it was nitrous depositions in the caves where they were found. A fact of importance is stated, that the shells of the necklaces are of a marine shell found at Zacatecas, on the Pacific, where the Columbus of their forefathers probably therefore landed from the Malay, Hindostan or Chinese coast, or from islands in the Indian ocean.

*New-York Evening Star.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE SEA.—"Thou hast never been on the sea," said the lady to her waiting-maid, "and knowest nothing of that dread loneliness which settles on the spirit, when the last headlands have disappeared, and one wide waste of tumultuous waters are heaving around, bounded only by the dull and evening sky.—Thou hast not felt that mighty dread which overwhelms the timid wayfarer on the ocean, who watches the little ship stagger from wave to wave, or hears the shrill wind singing through her cordage, until the masts bend like a reed in the storm. Thou hast not looked on the pathless waters, where nothing moved but the black hull on which we stood, and the rolling mountains of waves, the least of which might close over the bark for ever, and leave not a vestige to tell that aught living ever glided above those depths. But more, thou never hadst one whom thou didst love dearer than thine own life, journeying over those perilous paths, and thou far away, dreaming of the death to which he is exposed, or pining to be a partaker of his dangers."

CONSUMPTION.—There is a dread disease which so prepares its victim as it were for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect and throws around familiar looks unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet and solemn, and the result so sure that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and lito the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain. *Nicholas Nickleby.*

PRIME COST.—"What did you give for that horse?" inquired a friend of the facetious Mr. B., as he was riding by, one day. "My note," was the significant reply, "was'nt *that cheap enough?*"

# THE NEW-YORKER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1839.

*Cash and Credit.*—The observation of our readers will have corroborated our own, that there is a general tendency at present toward a reduc lon of credits, and an increased circumspection in giving them. Men, warned by experience, are less eager to sell goods, property or products on credit; less ready to consider a mere promise to pay in future, however formal, the synonym of actual payment. Coincident with this, is their increased reluctance to run in debt—not universal, by any means, nor perhaps so general as it should be, but far more prevalent than a few years since. Probably not ten individuals could be found to purchase townships in Oregon, city lots on the Upper Mississippi, or shares in the Iron Mountain, giving their notes therefor payable two to twenty years hence, where a hundred would have greedily seized the opportunity three or four years ago. Possibly the error is now on the other side: that property, of which the resources are undeveloped and the value prospective—which requires the completion of a progressing Canal or Railroad, the improvement of a river, or the settlement of its vicinity, to render it properly productive or profitable to its owner, now sells, in the average, if sold at all, at much less than its actual value. This is quite likely; but, if so, the error is on the safe side. It is better for the country that estates worth hundreds of thousands should be sold for tens of thousands than for millions. Unquestionably, a reduction from the higher to the lower standard bears with severity upon those who purchased property at the enhanced rates, especially if they are in debt. Any change of policy tending signally to reduce prices, beside working a temporary obstruction of the whole machinery of business, falls with stunning if not crushing force upon this class. If the depression continue until the urgency of their creditors compel them to sell their property, very many of them must be ruined; and such has been or will be the fate of many thousands among us. Some of these have in no way deserved their misfortunes; and much of the popular declamation against 'speculators' and exultation over their downfall, betrays gross ignorance or wanton malevolence. With regard to the flour-dealers, and the alleged combination of Banks with them to inflate and control the market, we remark a great amount of noise, with a very little evidence of any sort. It may be that some Banks have aided speculators to sustain the price of flour; it is certain that the holders of that article made a great mistake in holding it so high as to prevent its exportation to England last fall. But if that were a grievous fault, most grievously have they answered it. Millions of dollars have they lost in consequence; but this amount is not utterly thrown away; it is in the pockets of the wheat-growers. The prices of flour last winter were not higher, compared with those paid for wheat, than they now are. Neither is the loss of the manufacturers and dealers entirely occasioned by their own miscalculation. In '36 and '7, the crops were light; there was a scarcity of bread-stuffs, and the holders of wheat or flour realized heavy profits. The high prices of grain through those years naturally stimulated an increased production; the scarcity in Europe last year aided to keep up the price; this year a very bountiful harvest is realized, not only here but in Europe, and prices have universally fallen. The millers and dealers are naturally heavy losers; they might have lost less; but it would puzzle the most sapient of their advisers to tell how they could have avoided loss altogether. It is their fortune; they do not ask the public to cry for them; and we cannot consider the noisy exultation over their calamity as in particularly good taste. At any rate, since the extravagant tales of wondrous crops, and the denunciation of speculators and of Banks loaning to wheat-buyers, is calculated essentially to depress the price of grain, and actually to aid speculators in buying it at the lowest rates, we must deem the outcry now made most unseasonable, to say the least. It may be very wise; but it strikes us as of a piece with the wisdom which destroys three or four hundred barrels of flour in a time of scarcity in order to reduce the price. Such experiments belong to the class of late discoveries in Political Economy, of which we are not ashamed to acknowledge our small appreciation.

—But to return to the subject of Credit. We trust that the events of the last few years, with the controversies now in progress, will work out a thorough reform in the matter of Credits; we have no fear that they will lead to their total extinction. A class of writers on this subject have avowed themselves in favor of Credit, but hostile to the Credit System. Our own ground is precisely opposite. We have great faith in the Credit System, and dislike Credit without system. We hope to see more regularity—greater security—more system in the matter of giving credit than have hitherto prevailed in this country. We hope to see the day when the man who needs to borrow a few hundreds or thousands to improve his farm or increase safely and advantageously his business, will be almost certain of obtaining it on perfect security; while at the same time the whole business of petty indebtedness—of accounts running on with the merchant, the tailor, the shoe-maker, &c. will be dispensed with altogether. Where men of different vocations are in the habit of exchanging their products or commodities at convenience, so that the credit is reciprocal, credit is very proper; but in the more common cases of indebtedness always on one side, with a profit of ten to twenty-five per cent. charged for interest and for the losses which must be expected from bad debts, we deem the whole custom of giving credit pernicious. It tempts in countless instances to thriftlessness, extravagance, and thence to misery—to costs, trouble, and the sacrifice of the debtor's property. We can only glance at this view of the subject, but every man's experience will suffice to fill up the delineation. There are many instances in which the extension of Credit, even in this loose shape, is productive of great benefit to all parties; but, as a general rule, we believe the disuse of all Credit without system and without adequate security would be beneficial to debtors, to creditors, and to the country generally. There would, at any rate, be far fewer foolish, improvident purchases if payment were invariably required on delivery of the thing purchased. The subject is deserving of public attention.

*Moral Reform.*—The atrocious outrage recently perpetrated on Lake Erie is one which should awaken public attention to the importance and necessity of some farther safeguards against the unblushing strides of licentiousness in this country. It is a truth no less alarming than disgraceful, that a young lady cannot travel far unattended in our stages and steamboats without being perpetually in danger of insult and torturing indignity. Not always, indeed, does the exhibition of depravity take the form of coarse brutality or libertine proposal; this would often defeat its unhallowed purpose. The fiend is equally obvious in his more glittering garb of obsequious gallantry and profuse tenders of service, interlarded with licentious conversation and would-be melting glances. The innocent and the sensitive are not the less shocked and agonized by these insults because so ambiguously given that they are not permitted to recognize and spurn them. Unless some greater safeguard is afforded against such indignities, it will soon be deemed impossible for a lady to undertake any considerable journey by herself, however easy in itself or urgent the necessity for its performance.

It cannot be too often nor too forcibly urged that Public Opinion is itself depraved with regard to the whole class of crimes against the honor and peace of Woman, and that urgent necessity exists for its prompt and thorough reformation. It is due to Religion, to Social Order, and to National well-being, that the most strenuous and systematic efforts should be made to effect this reform. The depravation of domestic morals is the fountain whence have ever proceeded National decline and Social anarchy. No People was ever yet bowed by foreign conquest or internal tyranny while true Honor distinguished its morals and Purity was reflected from its hearth-fires. The testimony of the profound observer, though infidel voluptuary, Gibbon, might be adduced, if needed, to show that a laxity of morals in this respect is the almost inevitable forerunner and cause of general depravity, degradation and ruin.

It is therefore the imperative duty of the Patriot and Statesman, no less than of the Christian and Philanthropist, to strengthen every old and erect new barriers against the ever turbulent and impetuous flood of licentiousness and reckless passion. Yet how is this duty performed? What penalty impends over the base and black-hearted seducer? What punishment (in this State, especially) is meted out to the deliberate and perjured contemner of his marriage vows? Who, that has a conscience, does not feel that our laws, in affording impunity to these criminals, are actually pandering to their lust, and should participate in their infamy? They do more than this: By leaving wholly unpunished some of the most atrocious and deadly crimes against the integrity of society and the welfare of mankind, while others, comparatively trivial, are visited with extreme severity, they naturally tend to destroy altogether the respect which should be paid to their requirements, as such. The starving beggar is imprisoned for stealing a loaf; the wanton destroyer of the honor and happiness of families goes wholly 'unwhipt of justice.' Nay, more: he is welcomed, to a great extent, to the society of the fair and the innocent; from which, if he had the assurance to appear there, he ought to be driven like a hyena or a loathsome adder.

Against this rottenness of Public Opinion—this collusion of Law with Libertinism—we enter our solemn protest. They cannot—must not continue. We hope to witness speedy reforms of both Opinion and Law, and that the two will move on in harmonious concert. We trust that not another Legislature of New-York will adjourn without some improvement of our code in this direction; and we ask the advocates of social integrity, moral purity, and the dispensation of justice, to look to the matter in the selection, by their respective parties, of candidates for the Legislature.

*The August Elections* in the Southern and Western States have all taken place, but our returns are yet meagre and confined to those few Districts in North Carolina which voted in advance of the bulk of the State. From Tennessee, which voted on Thursday of last week, and from Kentucky, Indiana and Alabama, which voted on Monday of this, the returns are now speeding hitherward as fast as the mails can bring them, and will probably be mainly received in ample season for our next. (Kentucky votes through Monday and Tuesday, which will delay the returns from that State a day.) North Carolina voted in good part on Thursday of this week, (the 8th,) and the returns will reach us about the same time with those from the West. We give the few returns from North Carolina that have reached us:

| | 1839—Congress. | | 1837—Congress. | | 1836—Pres't. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dist. II. | Bynum, *Ad.* | Long, *W.* | Bynum. | Long. | V.Buren. White. |
| Bertie | 99 maj. | | 512 | 432 | 442 312 |
| Halifax | 412 | 607 | 371 | 607 | 330 495 |
| Martin | 271 maj. | | 569 | 355 | 559 170 |
| Northampton | 121 " | | 375 | 363 | 163 359 |
| Bynum elected—maj. | 306 | | 1827 | 1757 | 1514 1345 |
| Dist. III. | Hall, *Ad.* | Stanly, *W.* | Wilson, *Ad.* | Stanly, *W.* | |
| Beaufort | 378 | 901 | 317 | 866 | 180 616 |
| Edgecombe | 1392 | 111 | 1167 | 78 | 1175 90 |
| Hyde | 81 | 600 | 126 | 494 | 74 169 |
| Pitt | 571 | 636 | 451 | 654 | 368 377 |
| Washington | 77 | 402 | 61 | 405 | 48 193 |
| Total | 2499 | 2650 | 2122 | 2499 | 1845 1445 |
| Tyrrell | (not heard from) | | 54 | 343 | 35 189 |

No doubt of Stanly's election. Tyrrell will increase his majority to from 4 to 600.

| Dist. IV. | *Shepard, A.* | Biddle, *W.* | Moseley, *A.* | Shepard, *W.* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Johnston | 223 maj. | —— | 317 | 586 | 448 306 |
| Wayne | 721 | 151 | 398 | 413 | 551 162 |
| Carteret. | [We have no returns but. | | 248 | 309 | 152 123 |
| Craven | the above, but the Na- | | 329 | 404 | 323 187 |
| Greene | tional Intel. says Mr. | | 196 | 291 | 178 143 |
| Jones | Shepard is reelected. | | 88 | 169 | 90 155 |
| Lenoir | by 2 or 300 majority.] | | 338 | 220 | 281 172 |
| Total | | | 1914 | 2392 | 2023 1246 |

| Dist. VI. | Hawkins, *A.* | Hilliard, *A.* | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Franklin | 357 | 470 | 534 | 283 |

| Dist. I. | Sawyer, *A.* | Rayner, *W.* | Moore, *A.* | Sawyer, *W.* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Camden | 134 | 475 | 108 | 380 | 88 157 |
| Currituck | 552 | 114 | 471 | 70 | 424 33 |
| *Counties in this District to be heard from.* | | | | | |
| Chowan | —— | —— | 145 | 317 | 140 203 |
| Gates | —— | —— | 352 | 280 | 281 102 |
| Hertford | —— | —— | 270 | 272 | 214 253 |
| Pasquotank | —— | —— | 285 | 317 | 155 200 |
| Perquimons | —— | —— | 75 | 466 | 50 166 |

Mr. Sawyer's (Sub-T.) majority in the two Counties heard from is now 97; in '37, when he ran as a Whig, it was 120 against him. As the remainder of the District gave about 500 Whig majority in '37, Mr. Rayner is probably elected.

* Mr. Shepard was elected in 1837 as a Whig, though the District had always before been strongly Administration. He supported the Sub-Treasury scheme throughout, and was therefore abandoned by the Whig and adopted by the Administration party.

† Mr. Sawyer ditto to C. Shepard, above.

RHODE ISLAND.—The election for two Members of Congress and a new House of Representatives in this State takes place on Tuesday the 27th inst. The contest seems to be apathetic and to be principally one of manœuvring on the part of the various opponents of the regular Whig nomination The reëlection of Mr. Tillinghast seems to be pretty generally conceded; but Mr. Cranston, his colleague, is personally opposed for voting against an investigation of the Cilley Duel, and will doubtless lose some votes on that ground. The Administration candidates, Messrs. Dorr and Thurston, were both recently Whigs, and both were Members of the Legislature of 1834, and voted for the Resolutions of that year, strongly condemning the Removal of the Deposites, the general course of the Administration, &c., and asserting the necessity of a National Bank, and the expediency of rechartering the old Bank.—We need not say that they think differently now.

Mr. Dorr seems quite likely to beat Mr. Cranston. In addition to the lift the Duel question will give him, we learn that the entire Abolition force of the State will be exerted in his favor; but whether for his colleague also or not, we are not advised. Besides, it is supposed that the 'Liberal' (Anti-Temperance-Law) Whigs will also nominate him. It would be singular if, with so many hobbies, he should fail of an election.

Mr. Dorr is accused by his opponents of advocating Universal Suffrage, which his supporters deny. In Rhode Island, none but Freeholders are entitled to vote.

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VIRGINIA.—Col. R. W. Barton, Whig, who contests the return of Mr. Lucas, Adm., to Congress from the Frederick District, Va., has proposed to the latter, first, to run the race over again; and, on that being refused, he offered to submit the dispute to three referees, fairly selected—which was declined. Mr. Barton of course prosecutes the contest. He states that he has a clear majority of 50 to 70 legal votes, leaving very few really doubtful. The *four* majority by which Mr. Lucas was returned, is balanced, Col. B. affirms, by three votes cast for Mr. L. by State Prison convicts, who had no right to vote, and two which were cast at two different precincts by the same person. Col. Barton now desires his friends throughout the District to let him know of any votes which may have been polled for him illegally, so that the scrutiny may be completed before the assembling of Congress, and without making any cost to the country.

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ILLINOIS.—An unpleasant and injurious controversy has for some months been in progress among different departments of the Government of Illinois. The Governor is a warm supporter of the National Administration; the Senate is Opposition; so is the Secretary of State (A. P. Field) whom Governor Carlin found in office. The Governor nominated to the Senate John A McClernand, (a political friend,) for the station. The Senate rejected the nomination, declaring the office not vacant. Thus matters stood till the adjournment of the Legislature, when the Governor removed the old Secretary and appointed Mr. McClernand. The former resisted, and a process of ouster was resorted to. This was passed on and carried up; and we learn that the Supreme Court of the State, sitting at Springfield, has just decided that the Governor has of himself no power to remove the Secretary of State, and that the appointment of Mr. McClernand is necessarily invalid.—We believe this ends the matter for the present.

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*The Middling Interest Bank* of Boston was closed by injunction on Monday—its officers say, at the instance of the Suffolk Bank. It had been for some weeks *shinning* for a living, but had not refused to redeem its notes, except to Banks; and its officers protest that it ought not to have been stopped, and that it will in any event redeem every dollar of its circulation. Its capital is but $150,000, while its circulation was $121,000—proportionally *five times* greater than that of the Boston Banks generally. [Loans $225,000.] Of course it has been grossly mismanaged, but we believe it will pay its notes in full. Let no one sacrifice them.

*The South Carolina Temperance Advocate* is a neat and fair weekly, which we heartily welcome. It is published at Columbia by the State Temperance Society, Julius J. Du Bose, Editor—is ably conducted, and we trust may be widely read and amply supported.

*The Kilby Bank* of Boston, which has been for some months, if not years, in trouble, has resumed the redemption of its notes.

The "*Eastern Argus Revived*" is the title of a spirited Conservative paper just started at Portland, Me., by J. Barry & Co., Hon. F. O. J. Smith, Editor—being the publishers and Editor by whom the Argus was formerly conducted. The 'Eastern Argus,' however, is still published by the successors of Messrs. Smith and Barry, and supports the Administration.

*Thomas Leigh*, son of the Hon. B. Watkins Leigh, died a few days ago in Woodville, Miss., of the wounds received in an affray with Fielding Davis.

*Gov. Seward* is now on a visit to the Northern part of the State, via Lake Champlain.

☞ The friends of the Ogdensburgh and Champlain Railroad will hold a Convention at Columbia, St. Lawrence o., on the 15th inst.

*A Railroad Convention* was held at Saratoga Springs on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Twelve Counties were represented. Gen. Henry H. Ross, of Essex, was chosen President. Resolutions favorable to the construction of the New-York and Albany Railroad, of the Saratoga and Whitehall, and the Ogdensburgh and Champlain, were adopted. It was also recommended that, wherever the especial friends of a proposed Railroad should expend $100,000 upon its construction, the State should loan its credit to an equal amount.

*Mr. Van Buren*, at our last advices, remained at Saratoga, where *Mr. Clay* was to arrive on Thursday evening, from Montreal and Quebec, via Burlington and Lake George. Thence Mr. Van Buren will travel West through the whole interior of the State, while Mr. Clay passes rapidly to the Virginia Spring, and thence homeward to Kentucky.

*Gov. Seward*, on the application of Michael Gilbride, a Catholic priest, asking to be admitted alone to the jail of Lewis county, to receive the confession of Lawrence M'Carthy, a criminal under sentence of death, instructed the Sheriff to comply with the request; on the ground that secret confession is an essential in the Catholic religion, and that to deny it would be a violation of religious liberty. The jailer had declined, under the general provision of law that no criminal under sentence of death should hold a conversation with a visiter except in the presence of an officer. We presume few will doubt the correctness of the Governor's decision.

*Canal Tolls.*—Amount of Tolls collected on the New York State Canals:

| | 1838. | 1839. | | 1838. | 1839. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| April.... | 127,670 36.. | 108,019 40 | June.... | 173,096 00.. | 198,672 09 |
| May.... | 213,355 81.. | 301,638 80 | July .... | 160,685 04.. | 152,792 42 |
| Total ..... | | | | $674,807 21 | 761,423 71 |
| Excess in 1839..... | | | | | $86,615 50. |

*A Great Temperance Convention* was held recently at Lenox, Berkshire Co.. Mass., at which Samuel Jones, Esq. of Stockbridge presided, and Prof. Tatlock of Williams College, Prest.. Hopkins, Hon. Geo. N. Briggs, and H. Byington, Esq., offered and sustained the resolutions. Hon. Henry Hubbard also advocated the general cause and maintained the constitutionality of the Fifteen Gallon Law. Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, we believe, declined running on the Administration State ticket for Lieut. Governor lest, in the peculiar condition of parties in that State, he should seem to be running in opposition to the Temperance Cause.

*Hon. Wm. Smith*, Ex-U. S. Senator from South Carolina, now of Alabama, has declined to run for Congress in his District, preferring to run for the Legislature. In his manifesto, he says that the success of the Whigs "will again bring Democracy to the feet of the Federal party, and may bring "with it the whole train of Gag-Laws, *Direct Taxes*, &c." In this quarter, the Evening Post and other journals of its stamp advocate an exclusive resort to Direct Taxes as the only Democratic system of Revenue Collection.

*The Cross-Cut Canal*, connecting the Pennsylvania Improvements near Pittsburgh with the Ohio Canal, is now nearly completed, and, it is thought, will be rendered fully navigable before the close of the season.

*Capt. T. Grimsley*, of Cooper Co., and *Thomas Jefferson Boggs, Esq.* of St. Louis (brother of the present Adm. Governor) are proposed as suitable persons for the consideration of the Convention called to nominate an Opposition candidate for Governor of Missouri

*Hon. Geo. M. Dallas*, Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, is said to have resigned his station. Mr. Cambreleng, (who went out in the British Queen,) is supposed to have a commission in his pocket.

*Jacob Ridgway*, the assignee of T. W. Dyott, has been cleared of the charge of swindling in the Dyott business.

*A fracas* took place at Pactolus, Pitt Co. N. C. at the recent election, in which two men were killed—one of them (a Mr. Cherry) shot accidentally.

*Gen. Nathaniel Smith*, U. S. Agent in removing the Cherokees, is said to have absconded to Texas with $70,000 to $100,000 of Public Money.

*Ex-Gov. Kinney*, Mr. McConnell, and the late J. W. Stephenson, the first President and the others Members of the Board of Public Works of Illinois, are said to be Defaulters to that State to the amount of some $30,000

*Octavius Pickering, Esq.* for more than twenty years the Reporter of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, has resigned the station.

*H. L. Holmes, Esq.* the editor of the Fayetteville North Carolinian, has been appointed by the President U. S. District Attorney for the District of North Carolina.

*Hon. John Davis*, U. S. Senator of Massachusetts, and *Mr. Pleasanton*, Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, embarked at Boston a few days since on board the Revenue Cutter *Hamilton*, on a voyage of survey, authorized by the Government of the United States, with a view to introducing uniformity and other improvement in the light-houses on our coast.

*Judge Longstreet* has been appointed President of Emory College, at Oxford near Covington, Georgia, in the place of the Rev. Mr. Few, who has resigned.

*Mr. Daniel C. Webb*. on account of absence from the State, has resigned the Presidency of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, and Mr. James Rose has been elected in his stead.

*Major S. Cooper*, Assistant Adjutant General, is acting Secretary of War, and *Commodore J. Chauncey*, is acting Secretary of the Navy, during the absence of the Heads of those departments.

☞ The Conservatives of Tompkins County have issued a manifesto, calling a State Convention of their party, to be held at Auburn or Syracuse in September.

*Hon. Ephraim H. Foster*, U. S. Senator from Tennessee, has publicly declared that he will resign his seat if a Van Buren Legislature shall now be chosen in that State.

*The Huntingdon Advertiser*, by W. W. Gates, has just been started in West Tennessee. Politics, Whig.

*Gov. Gilmer*, of Georgia, after partially recovering from his severe and protracted indisposition, has relapsed, and is again in a very low and critical condition. Hopes are however still entertained of his recovery.

☞ The Connecticut Common School Journal is to be continued for a second volume—the first number of which has just been issued. It is an excellently conducted monthly, and very handsomely printed. Edited by Henry Barnard, jr., Secretary of the School Board. This work deserves a wide circulation.

A State School Convention will assemble at Hartford on Wednesday the 28th inst.

☞ The Whig Young Men of the Third Senate District of this State will hold a Convention at Coxsackie on Wednesday next, (the 14th.) Hon. Henry Clay has been invited to attend. The opposing party meet on the 10th proximo.

☞ A Whig Convention for the Fourth Senate District will convene at Saratoga on the 20th.

*Henry G. S. Key* of St. Mary's County has been nominated for Congress by the supporters of the Administration in the Seventh District, Maryland. He has a dull chance.

*Hon. Geo. Poindexter*, Ex-U. S. Senator from Mississippi, has emigrated to Texas.

*J. N. Reynolds, Esq.* has been admitted a Counsellor at Law in the Superior Court of this city.

*Gen. Winfield Scott* for President, and *Thomas Ewing* of Ohio for Vice President, are carried at the mast-head of the Ithaca Chronicle.

*City Offices.*—The 'Fathers of our City' were again in Joint Ballot on Wednesday evening, and contrived to use up the small balance of Whig functionaries who had remained in office owing to a disagreement respecting the persons who should be chosen to fill their places. Alfred A. Smith was appointed Comptroller of the City Finances, vice Douw D. Williamson, removed. Mr. Williamson had been Comptroller for several years, under every mutation of parties; is of doubtful politics, but an excellent financial officer. Many of those who voted for his removal, under instructions from their party, regretted the necessity for so doing, and a vote of commendation and confidence was passed by 27 to 2. About a score of other changes were made, of which the following are the principal: Nicholas J. Quackenboss, Alms House Commissioner, in place of Francis Ficket, resigned; Robert Lyon, Assistant City Inspector, vice Edward Lyne, deceased; Geo. W. Newell, Deputy Comptroller, vice Richard J. Smith, resigned; J. W. Bell, Printer, instead of Bell & Locke; Richard J. Smith, Assistant Street Commissioner, vice Jacob S. Warner, defaulter. The minor appointments were mainly changes on political grounds; few of the above are of that class.

OFFICIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Aug. 1, 1839.

| | |
|---|---|
| The whole amount of Treasury Notes authorized by the Act of October 12, 1837, having been issued, viz. | $10,000,000 00 |
| And there having been redeemed of them about | 9,627,105 46 |
| Leaving unredeemed of the first issue | 372,894 54 |
| The new emissions made in place of those under the act of May 21, 1838, have been | 5,709,810 00 |
| There have been redeemed of these last about | 4,776,450 42 |
| Leaving outstanding of the second issue | 933,559 59 |
| And of the two old issues outstanding only | 1,206,254 13 |
| The amount issued under the provisions of the Act of 9d March, 1839, is | 3,857,276 21 |
| Of this issue there has been redeemed | 3,100 00 |
| This leaves a balance of all outstanding, equal to only | $5,160,430 34 |

LEVI WOODBURY, Secretary of the Treasury.

*Abominable.*—Gilman Appleby, captain of the steamboat Constitution, plying on Lake Erie, has been arrested and fully committed at Buffalo, for an infernal outrage on a young girl of fifteen who was a passenger on his boat. She was on her way from Detroit to her friends in Ontario County, and, being poor, had taken a steerage or deck passage. The monster who commanded the boat, pretending that there was no place fit for her in the steerage, offered to show her to a more suitable apartment, when he took her to his own room, locked it, and committed the outrage for which he ought to suffer the severest penalties of the law.

The Buffalo papers state that Mr. Justice Barton (we like to give the names of such *honorable* gentlemen in full) conducted the examination in such a manner as narrowly to escape lynching from the great concourse of citizens assembled. The investigation commenced early in the morning; and, though abundant testimony was elicited in one hour to warrant the commitment of the villain, the poor girl was kept on the stand till *six* o'clock P. M., and subjected to a repetition of the most torturing and agonizing questions, until the magistrate was obliged to desist, from a regard to his personal safety. Appleby was taken off to jail under a strong escort of officers, and the Justice was indebted to concealment for his safety. The next morning the examination was concluded by three Justices, when Appleby was fully committed, to await the requisition of the Governor of Ohio, the crime having been committed within the jurisdiction of that State. It is hoped that he cannot escape the punishment he so richly deserves.

This is not the only instance which has come to our knowledge of unprotected females being subjected to insult and rudeness in traversing Lake Erie, but we have heard of nothing so atrocious as this. The crime is aggravated four-fold by the position of the culprit, and the claim of the poor victim to his honorable care and protection. We trust that an example will be made of him, and that the few wretches in command of boats who venture to insult unprotected female passengers with infamous proposals will be exposed and driven from the stations they abuse and disgrace. We will endeavor to make an example of one.

☞ Justice Barton has since resigned his office.

*The Literary Gemina* is a new Monthly Magazine, published in French and English at Worcester, Mass. of which we have the second number. It is intended specially for learners of the French language, and seems well calculated to aid them. 48 pages per No. at $2 per anum. (By E. W. Bartlett, for the Editor.) ☞ The National Eagle, in speaking of work, says:

"We learn with astonishment that the editor of this magazine is a blacksmith, who works daily at his forge, devoting his evenings to literary pursuits, and the study of languages. He is the 'Learned Blacksmith' of whom Gov. Everett speaks in his lecture on self-culture, as having without neglecting his laborious occupation, acquired a knowledge of more than fifty languages."

*'The Nepenthes'* is the odd title of a small but neat new paper just established at Irwinton, Ala. by Levi T. Wellham. It supports the Administration.

*The Money Market.*—There has been no decided change in money matters since our last report, but a better feeling begins to manifest itself, and the storm shows symptoms of subsiding. The present tightness has been occasioned in good part by the critical state of the English market, which renders our Stocks unsalable in Europe; but in part also by the monopolizing and bolstering operations in produce, of which the whole country has for some time been the theatre, but which are now evidently approaching their end. The experience of the last year has fully demonstrated that this kind of business is extremely hazardous and often ruinous to those engaged in it, and is at best only practicable in seasons of harvest failure and scarcity. The retirement of a great portion of the produce operators creates a vacancy for the moment, and increases the dullness which would otherwise be remarked; but the vacuum will eventually be filled, and more healthfully than before.

Since the catastrophe of 1837, ending in a Suspension of Specie Payments, there has been a constant struggle on the part of the speculators in lands, &c. of preceding years, including the incautious purchasers of property at enhanced prices, to hold on as long as possible, in the hope of saving, if not the whole, at least the wreck of their former fortunes. To do this, in some instances, speculation has been piled on speculation, like the doubling stakes of a desperate gamester, until the last means, even of holding, were exhausted, and the towering and tottering edifice was crushed by its vast weight. Such is the state of things at present. A few months will be required to restore the elements to their wonted order and quiet, and then, we trust, all will move on smoothly again.

There is no longer any doubt of a superabundant crop of bread-stuffs, and of most other products, throughout the country. When this has been realized, we shall have an excellent basis for an active and healthy Fall business. But, until the cloud which now overhangs the prospect has cleared away, it behooves the Banks to act with caution, and their present limited line of discounts evinces their determination to act prudently and wisely. The settlement of our indebtedness for our Spring purchases abroad occurs at this season, before our crop becomes available, and when we have not the wherewithal in produce to liquidate the demand. In such a crisis, either the indebtedness must go unpaid, or there will be a sensible demand for Specie, which the Banks are required to meet. That demand was very considerable the last week. By the British Queen, Great Western, and Havre Packet, an aggregate of about $1,150,000 was shipped. Stocks have generally declined, from this and other causes above hinted at, throughout the week. The decline is moderate, however, and of a character by no means alarming.

*Land Office Business.*—The Burlington, Iowa, Gazette, says:—A heavy business continues to be done at our Land Office, at private entry. A day seldom elapses on which less than $1000 is taken in, and the receipts not unfrequently run up to three or four times that amount. Those of one day last week exceeded $6,000. One gentleman alone, from Washington County Pensylvania, entered *forty seven eighty's*, costing $4,760. The land lies in Lee County, and is entirely prairie. The purchaser is well known where he now resides as an extensive wool grower; and it is his intention to engage in the same business in Iowa. We understand he purposes, either the ensuing fall or next spring, to introduce on to his land 1000 sheep. Both the climate and soil of Iowa are particularly adapted to the growing of wool—a business which those elsewhere engaged in have found to be exceedingly profitable.

*Newspaper Statistics.*—There are 71 newspapers published in London. Of these, six are daily morning and six daily evening papers. In Liverpool there is no daily paper published. The Mail is published tri-weekly, and the Standard semi-weekly, besides which there are ten weekly papers. In the other towns of England, 211 papers are published—all weekly. In Scotland there are 55 papers, of which 12 are published in Glasgow and 11 in Edinburgh. In Ireland there are 77 papers, of which 16 are published in Dublin. In the Island of Jersey, there are 9 papers; in Guernsey 4; and in the Isle of Man 4. Total number published in Great Britain and dependences, 443.

*Cedar Quarries* exist on many of the islands in Lake Ontario. The cedar is found buried in the earth, and is dug out sound and substantial.

FROM CANADA.—We learn from passengers by the Hamilton of last evening, that several persons from this side were captured at Cobourg a few days since, completely armed for some desperate enterprise. One of the number revealed the plot, which was to murder the more prominent of the Royalists. Among the prisoners is said to be S. P. Hart, editor of the Lewiston Telegraph. The revelation of the plot caused quite a sensation at Cobourg. There were said to be many more engaged in the same enterprise, who were yet at large in the Province. Premeditated assassination, whatever may be the pretext, will find few apologists in any civilized country.

[Rochester D. Advertiser.

*The Cobourg Affair.*—The Oswego Commercial Herald of the 5th instant, after mentioning the arrest of Hart and his associates at Cobourg, adds the following:

"Hart and his associates, we understand, have recently been lounging about this village for some days, and are believed to have gone from this port to Canada.

"The facts disclosed and corroborated by circumstances, induced the collector of this port to seize the schr. Guernsey on Saturday evening, for having carried these men to Canada. The Guernsey is owned at Rochester, and left here a few days since, and returned on Friday last laden with lumber from a Canadian port. Some arms were found on board of her.

*Indian Troubles.*—The following extract of a letter from Fort Snelling, dated July 10th, published in the St. Louis Republican, details the troubles existing between the Sioux and Chippeways, and the slaughter of the latter by the Sioux.

'The Sioux and Chippeways have had a brush at two different points on the St. Croix, and again about thirty miles above the Falls of St. Anthony. The Chippeways just before leaving the Pillagers, I believe, had killed at Lake Calhoun, a Sioux Brave, an hour or two after sunrise. The news having spread like wild-fire, the Sioux about two hundred strong, left the Falls. Hale-in-the-day, a Chippeway chief, had pushed on with his party and was not overtaken. The Siouxs who left the Falls came across a party of the Rum River Band, attacked them about sunrise the next morning, and killed one hundred and thirty-three men, women and children. This was above the Falls. Big Thunder, a Sioux Chief, crossed the country in pursuit of the Strong Ground Band of Chippeways and overtook and fought them at St. Croix. Big Thunder told the Sioux not to fire where the whites were, (Messrs. Aitkins and M'Loud's party) and as the Chippeways huddled round the whites many of them thus escaped. Notwithstanding the Sioux killed thirty-six men of the Chippeway party, and some women and children. The country is in great excitement and will continue so for some time.—There will, no doubt, be a general engagement between the Sioux and Chippeways before many months more. Hale-in-the-day is a chief not to be trifled with, and the Sioux are consolidating under Bad Hail, a first rate warrior, who has been to Washington.'

*From Buenos Ayres and Montevideo.*—Advices are received here from the former to May 25th—from the latter to June 5th. A letter from Montevideo, dated June 5, states that the British packet Spider, Lt. O'Reilley, on entering that port the night previous, was fired into by the French corvette, Le Perle, by which one of the crew of the packet had his arm broken. Much excitement was caused by the event, and the French commander had apologized.

A long correspondence had ensued between Commodore Nicholson, of U. S. ship Independence, (which vessel and the Fairfield, Capt. Boardman, are at Montevideo,) and the French commander on the subject of the blockade; the American Commodore being prompted thereto, from a desire to propose some conciliatory course which would lead to the cessation of a measure so adverse to the commerce of all nations having relations with the Argentine Republic. It resulted in nothing satisfactory. The government of Buenos Ayres have appointed Senor Drana, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to conclude with Mr. Mandeville, the British Minister, a convention for the effectual abolition of the *slave trade*, in conformity with the existing treaty between Great Britain and the Argentine Republic. The confederate army of Corrientes and Buenos Ayres, having subdued the rebellious province of Entre Rios, were concentrating at Maccrots, on the banks of the Uruguay, with a view to march on Rivera, the usurper who presides over the Oriental Republic, at his capital of Montevideo. Rivera is obnoxious to all but the French, of whom he is the tool.

[Star.

*From North-Eastern Texas.*—By a gentleman arrived yesterday from Nacogdoches, Texas, via. Natchitoches and Red River, says the New Orleans Picayune of the 23d ult., we learn that considerable excitement prevails in the neighborhood of St. Augustine and Nacogdoches, in relation to the hostile movements of Bowles, the Cherokee chief, who it is feared, contemplates a hostile invasion. Gen. Rusk has sent expresses in different directions for all the militia to turn out, and had already collected nearly 1,000 men. His camp, when our informant left, was within two miles and a half of that of Bowles, and an engagement was hourly anticipated.

Bowles in the meantime, was hourly receiving reinforcements from Arkansas, and the struggle was expected to be severe.

There is little doubt in the neighborhood of Nacogdoches,

that Bowles has an understanding with the Mexican authorities, and that he has been instigated to this hostile movement by a promise of immense grants in Texas in case he succeeds, and that moreover the Mexicans have agreed to attack the western frontier in the vicinity of San Antonio or Goliad to instigate him still farther. We are anxiously looking for the results of the action near Fort Houston, at the forks of the Sabine and the Trinity, which must have taken place on the 13th or 14th inst., unless a treaty has been effected between the Vice President of Texas and Bowles, of which there was little hope.

The Kickapoos, a warlike and dangerous tribe, whose skill with the rifle is said to be as great as that of the Tennesseeans, Kentuckians, or Texans, have joined Bowles, who is spoken of as a shrewd, designing and ambitious chief, well educated, and perfectly conversant with the English language.—The Texans desire no treaty with the Indians—all they want is a war of extermination, since they have learned the treachery of Bowles. The latter has always pretended to act a perfectly friendly part; but the interception of several letters lately, to the authorities of Mexico, has shown him in his true colors.

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FLORIDA.—*Tallahasse, July* 27.—Two wagons, with an escort of eight men, left Fort Frank Brooke, Deadman's Bay, on Monday morning last, and after proceeding near half the distance to Fort Andrews, Henderson, the hospital steward, with five men, were fired on by a party of Indians from a hammock near the road. Henderson and Parks fell dead. The horse of another of the escort being shot, fell and entangled his rider in such a manner as to prevent his rising. On the near approach of the Indians the horse rose, the rider at the same time re-mounting, he was borne off to the party, and the three joined the wagons. One man being sent back to Fort Frank Brooke, returned with an increased force. They found the body of Parks horribly mutilated, his eyes dug out, his throat cut, and other disgusting outrages committed on his body. The body of Henderson had been removed and could not be found.—The Indians were trailed some distance without finding them. Scouts are still in pursuit.

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*Gen. Scott* left this city on Monday evening for the East, via the Falls and Sackett's Harbor. We learn, what it is almost unnecessary to state, that the result of his Western mission has been highly satisfactory. In 1832 Gen. Scott concluded a Treaty with the Winnebagoes, by which that tribe ceded to the United States a great portion of their territory in Wisconsin, in exchange for a very liberal annuity and tract of land west of the Mississippi, agreeing at the same time to remove. It has since been ascertained that the tract west of the Mississippi is not as valuable nor as extensive as was supposed at the time of making the Treaty of 1832, and the Indians have also manifested a disposition not to remove any where, although very willing to receive the annuity punctually.

They are as demoralized a tribe as can be found on the continent, and serious apprehensions of trouble were entertained. To put matters straight, and to allay any hostile feelings which might exist on the part of the Winnebagoes, was the object of Gen. Scott's mission, and, as we have said above, he has accomplished his undertaking. The Indians have accepted a large and fertile tract of country south of the Missouri, and have agreed positively to remove. We congratulate the citizens of Wisconsin on this removal of one great obstacle to the rapid settlement of their fine territory.

There are some coincidences during Gen. Scott's journey which may interest some of our readers. He had stopped at one of the ports of Wisconsin to obtain a conveyance to Winnebago, but being unable to find any, was obliged to take the Illinois, then on her way to Chicago, which he did on the anniversary of the battle of Chippewa. Returning he took the same boat, on the anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane. Blake, the Captain of the boat, and as fine a specimen of the frank, gallant sailor as ever lived, was a common soldier under Scott at one of these battles, and for his conspicuous bravery was by him, on the field, promoted to the rank of Sergeant Major. Neither party had forgotten the event, which was duly commemorated on its 25th anniversary.

[Buffalo Commercial Adv.

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*Silk Growing.*—A gentleman in Hartford is feeding 500,000 worms, small and large, which consume about 75 lbs. mulberry leaves a day. The Salem N. J. Banner, speaks of the magnificent cocooneries of Mr. Newkirk, of that town, who has 50,000 feeding, and has proved that his multicaulis orchards are 75 per cent. more valuable than the Italian tree. The editor enumerates some half a dozen gentlemen in the vicinity who are feeding some millions or more of worms.—One gentleman 300,000. The towns of Huddersfield, Swedesboro, &c. are literally alive with worms.

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*Yellow Fever in Havana.*—Late advices from Havana concur in stating that the yellow fever was making fearful ravages among the crews of the foreign shipping at that port. Several vessels had been deprived of their entire crews, and placed by the consuls for their respective nations in charge of keepers; while many others were so weak handed as to be unable to put to sea.

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From the New-Orleans Bee, July 29th.

## IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.

*Battle between the Texian Troops and the Indians.*—The following highly interesting letter to the editors of this paper, was received yesterday by the steamer Velocipede from Red River.

NATCHITOCHES, July 23th, 1839.

Gentlemen:—Inclosed you will herewith receive an official report of an engagement which took place on the 15th inst. and a letter from Gen. Rusk, dated the 17th instant, 75 miles northwest of Nacogdoches Texas, between a large body of the Cherokees, Caddos and other Indians, and the troops under the command of brigadier general K. H. Douglass, from which it will be seen that the enemy sustained a heavy loss.

Taken from the Red Lander, a newspaper published at San Augustine, Texas, dated July 20th, 1839.

HEAD-QUARTERS,
Camp Carter, July 16, 1839.

To the Hon. Sydney Johnson, Secretary of War:

*Sir*,—On yesterday the negociation on the part of the commissioners having failed under your order, the whole force was put in motion towards the encampment of Bowles, on the Neches. Colonel Landrum crossed on the west side of the Neches, and marched up the river, the regiment under Colonels Burleson and Rusk moved directly to the camp of Bowles.

Upon reaching it, it was found to be abandoned. Their trail was ascertained, and a rapid pursuit made. About six miles above their encampment, in the vicinity of the Delaware village, at the head of a prairie, they were discovered by the spy company under Captain J. Carter, and a detachment of 25 men from captain Todd's company, led by General Rusk. The enemy displayed from the point of a hill—Gen. Rusk motioned for them to come on—they advanced and fired four or five times and immediately occupied a thicket and ravine on the left.

As we advanced, the lines were immediately formed and the action became general. The ravine was instantly charged and flanked on the left by Col. Burleson, and a part of his regiment—the rest of Burleson's regiment were led by Lieut. Col. Woodleff. A portion of Gen. Rusk's regiment charged at the same time, and another portion took a position on a point of a hill to the right, and drove a party who attempted to flank us from that quarter—thus instantly driving the enemy from the ravine and thicket, leaving eighteen dead on the field, that have been found, and carrying off as usual their wounded, as was seen by our men.

Our loss was two killed, one wounded mortally, and five slightly, viz:—D. H. Rodgers, of Capt. Tipp's company; John Crane, of Harrison's company; H. P. Cronson, of same; Hooper, H. M. Smith and Ball, of Burrellson's command; James Anderson, of Captain Sickle's company; Geo. S. Daughter, of Capt. Box's company, slightly.

Capt. Landrum was not able, having so much farther to march, to participate in the engagement, but has been ordered to join this morning. All behaved so gallantly that it would be invidious to particularize. The action commenced about a half an hour before sunset, which prevented pursuit. Most of their baggage was captured, 3 kegs of powder, 250 lbs. of lead, and many horses, cattle, corn, and other property. By order of

K. H. DOUGLASS.
Brigadier General Commanding T. A.

JAS. S. MAYFIELD, Aid-de-Camp.

A letter from General Rusk, dated 17th inst., has also just reached this place, in which he remarks—"We have had another engagement to-day with the Indians, who occupied a very strong position. The contest lasted an hour and a half, when we charged and drove them from their station, in which, however, they sustained considerable loss, the amount of which is not yet ascertained. Bowles was found amongst the dead.

Their number was very considerable, I think 5 or 600. Our loss was two men killed and upwards of 20 wounded, amongst whom are my brother and Major Augustine, of St. Augustine county. We are happy to learn that every precaution has been taken to cut off the retreat of the enemy, and thereby prevent protracted war. We shall anxiously await further intelligence from that quarter, and will endeavor to keep our readers promptly and correctly avised on this important subject."

P. S.—All the above news is corroborated by persons direct from Nacogdoches, Texas, to this place.

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*Counterfeit Bills.*—We have been shown at the Suffolk Bank a $20 bill of the old Franklin Bank, with the original signatures, altered to the Hancock Bank of this city, by extracting the word "Franklin" in the body of the bill, by some chemical process, and substituting the word "Hancock" in its stead. We have also seen a $5 of the Lafayette Bank, altered in the same way to the Columbian Bank, Boston. The name of the bank is apparently printed from a wood engraving, but is done with so much skill that the counterfeit could scarcely be detected by a person unacquainted with the vignettes of the different banks. We understand that there are quite a number of similar counterfeits in circulation in the Middle and Western States. The Hancock counterfeit was detected in Michigan. [Atlas.

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## NOTES EXCHANGED BY THE FRENCH AND RUSSIAN CABINETS.

*Note of the French Charge d'Affaire at St. Petersburgh.*

The undersigned Charge d'Affairs of His Majesty the King of the French is instructed to express to the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh the profound affliction which the French Government has experienced on learning the conclusion of the treaty of 8th July last between his Majesty the Emperor of Russia and the Grand Seignor. In the opinion of the King's Government, that treaty imparts to the mutual relations of the Ottoman empire and of Russia a new character, against which all the powers of Europe have a right to pronounce themselves.

The undersigned is therefore instructed to declare, that if the stipulations of that act were hereafter to bring on an armed intervention of Russia in the internal affairs of Turkey, the French Government would hold itself wholly at liberty to adopt such line of conduct as circumstances might suggest, acting from that moment as if the said treaty existed not. The undersigned is also desired to inform the Imperial Cabinet that a similar declaration has been delivered to the Ottoman Porte by his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople.

I. DE LAGRENE.

*Reply of the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

The undersigned has received the note by which M. I. de Lagrene, Charge d'Affairs of his Majesty the King of the French, has communicated the deep regret which the conclusion of the treaty of the 8th of July between Russia and the Porte has caused the French Government, without stating at the same time either the motives of that regret or the nature of the objections to which that treaty may give rise. The undersigned cannot be acquainted with them—still less can he understand them. The treaty of the 8th of July is purely defensive; it has been concluded between two independent powers, exercising the plentitude of their rights, and it does no prejudice to the interests of any state whatever.

What could, therefore, be the objections which other Powers might deem themselves justified in raising against such a transaction? How, above all, could they declare that they consider it of no validity, unless they have in view the subversion of an empire which the treaty is destined to preserve? But such cannot be the design of the French Government. It would be an open variance with all the declarations it made in the last complications in the East. The undersigned must, therefore, suppose that the opinion expressed in M. De Lagrene's note rests upon incorrect data, and that, better informed by the communication of the treaty which the Porte has recently made known to the French Ambassador at Constantinople, his Government will better appreciate the value and usefulness of a transaction concluded in a spirit as pacific as conservative.

That act changes, indeed, the nature of the relations between Russia and the Porte; for, to a long enmity, it makes relations of intimacy and confidence succeed, wherein the Turkish Government will henceforth find a guarantee of stability, and, if need be, means of defence calculated to insure its preservation.

It is in this conviction, and guided by the purest and most disinterested intentions, that His Majesty the Emperor is resolved on faithfully fulfilling, should the occasion present itself, the obligations which the treaty of the 8th of July imposes upon him, acting thus as if the declaration contained in M. de Lagrene's note did not exist. NESSELRODE.

*St. Petersburgh, October*, 1838.

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*Our Prairie.*—There can be no more pleasing sight to the eye of a stranger, than a view of White Pigeon Prairie, at the present time. The Prairie embracing about 11,000 acres of land, is now under a high state of cultivation. The immense fields of wheat waving their golden plumes to the breeze—the rye, the oats, the barley the corn, the sugar-beet, and the garden vegetables, all contribute to fill the mind of the stranger with admiration and surprise. Nature has spread her mantle of verdure over the scene, and rendered it surpassingly beautiful. [White Pigeon Republican.

*Horrible.*—The New-Orleans Bulletin of 24th July states that a vessel from Havana brings intelligence that during the passage, about the 6th inst., of a Spanish coasting vessel from Havana to Trinidad de Cuba, loaded with negroes, and having on board 26 white passengers, (men, women and children,) the stewards managed to excite the blacks against the latter, who murdered the whole of them, together with the officers and crew of the vessel. A vessel of war has been despatched from Havana, in search of the coaster.

*From Havana.*—By the barque Clarion, arrived at New Orleans on the 23d ult. from Havana, whence she sailed on the 17th, we learn that on the 6th the steward of a Spanish schooner, on a coasting voyage from that port to Trinidad de Cuba, with a cargo of negroes, and 26 white passengers, men, women and children, managed to excite the blacks against the whites; the latter were all murdered, together with the officers and crew of the schooner. As soon as this news reached Havana, the government despatched a vessel of war in search of the coaster.

*Melancholy Accident.*—We learn that a female in attempting to land from the steamboat Albany, at West Point, yesterday met with her death by being crushed between one of the spiles on the landing and the boat.

## NEW-YORK.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR THE REFLECTIVE.

What can be more distressing than to be drawn into acts of deception by the force of circumstances—to be obliged to conceal the Truth?

The true philosophic character is composed of a love of truth, scepticism, benevolence of heart, firmness of purpose, mental courage, and a constant inclination to ascend to first principles.

There are incidents occurring in the life of a man of true sentiment too sacred to be drawn, with levity, from the deep recesses of his own heart.

The man of the greatest abilities and of the most versatile talents must be excused for many defects and numerous slips in conduct.

There are redeeming traits in the characters of nations, as well as of men. 'The web of life is of a mingled yarn.'

Our dearest companions are our best friends. Why should it not be so? For he who participates in our most secret sympathies should of right mingle in our gayest pleasures. The pleasantest companion is a man of great experience, and consequently of great liberality of sentiment, with a talent for conversation, and a sweet demeanor.

Compliments are elegant refinements upon truth.

Which is better—to praise a man to his face and slander him as soon as his back is turned—or to speak roughly to him personally, but eulogize him as soon as he is out of hearing?

A clear and distinguishing judgement, joined to an infirm and unstable will, makes a philosopher in speculation, a fool in practice.

The nicest tact of a man of address is shown in his manner of saluting persons of different rank.

Marriage is a contract where Judgement must be equally Advocate and Judge, in connection with Love, who generally gains the cause, without the aid of any other counsel.

Every thinking man has sensations of mental pleasure and of mental pain, which are entirely inexplicable. And yet, his very insufficiency, if possible, enhances his joy and embitters his anguish.

Does not every one experience a state of feeling, on a fine morning in Autumn, very different from what he is aware of on a glorious day in Spring, an evening sunset in Summer, or a gloomy night in the depth of Winter?

Most men regard a merry Christian as an anomaly; surely a sad one presents no very encouraging spectacle.

The lawyer thinks the noblest *principle* is involved where the *principal* sum at stake is largest.

The three professions have had their satirists—the only checks on them. Without satire the world would run mad.

We can never think of poets as old men. Every thing connected with them is imbued with the charm of immortal youth and perpetual spring.

Some whose individual perceptions are very quick, are slow in apprehending the ideas of others. They can invent and find much easier than they can follow and penetrate. Such make better leaders than followers: they can address a large body with far greater effect than they can take part in a debate. Perhaps this is the reason why great orators are generally such bald talkers.

Sectarianism we have known carried so far that persons of the same rank in society would never interchange civilities, because they happened to belong to different communions. What sort of a meeting might one imagine between a Quaker and an Episcopalian, a Baptist and a Catholic, a Jew and a New-Jerusalemite—in heaven? On earth they can hardly sit in the same room together.

The most original and refined wit can be relished only by a very few. The grosser mind is more popular. A delicate wit requires fine judgement to appreciate it. A wit needs to have his audience *packed*.

Extremes are bad things, (it is generally allowed,) and those placed in them are the worst judges in the world of *relative* merit. Thus the solid man thinks the gay companion a mere trifler; while the latter esteems the former a very dull fellow. Imaginative persons cannot endure *judicious* people, nor can the man of method be captivated by flights of fancy.

Truth is like medicine: we can take neither without something sweet to remove its unpleasant taste.

Grave men see no difference between a buffoon and a man of genuine wit. They laugh with similar relish at absurd antics or delicate repartees.

Maxims contain the pure essence of truth.

Rules are the result of experience.

Melancholy passes for sulkiness, merriment for frivolity, honesty for rudeness, and courtesy for cunning; self-denial for ostentation, decision for obstinacy; pity is called weakness, while justice is called severity. The world is governed by names.

Want of sympathy and deficiency in the power of expression contribute to render a highly sensitive being wretched.

The traveler wonders why all the world is not traveling.

It is a singular thing to remark how differently a man is affected by the same passions and sentiments at different periods.

The most eccentric man is often the most reasonable—following nature.

What are called paradoxes are frequently old truths in a new dress or disguise.

The malice of our enemies often conduces to our own benefit and to their harm.

With the great mass of mankind, delicacy and refinement in wit, humor, sentiment and criticism constitute affectation. All refinement is, perhaps, only elegant affectation. Quaint fancies and brilliant conceits pass under the same name.

The blackest man is a white person painted to resemble a negro: so the fairest saint, when he plays the hypocrite, (no uncommon thing,) makes the vilest sinner in the world.

We gain the respect of mankind by expressing their views. We are rewarded with their contempt by dwelling on their good qualities. Swift is feared, hated and admired; Mackenzie is liked, pitied and despised.

Satire is the most useful of all forms of writing. Sentiment is literally wasted upon nineteen readers out of twenty.

We must expect to make enemies if we will tell the truth: therefore we cease.

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*The Works of Joseph Addison.*—Among the many valuable standard works, published by Harper and Brothers, we notice the complete works of Addison, in three handsome octavo volumes. The edition includes the whole of the Spectator. On this account it has an additional value. Indeed the value of such writings as those of Addison and Steele, cannot be too highly rated. They are the most admirable models for young students in the art of English composition, and should form the constant study of those who would become popular writers. The style of Addison, has in perfection the capital qualities of simplicity and perspicuity. In the whole range of his works it would be impossible to find an involved and obscure sentence. The stream of his thoughts always flows bright, limpid and free through the smooth channel of his language. He has been blamed for a cold correctness and an artificial formality, because every sentence seems to be shaped with the nicest care and to be accurately adjusted to its place. This charge may appear to be an important one to those readers, who like to revel in a profuse diction, where words are lavished in a gorgeous prodigality, as if ideas, like gold and diamonds in an Arabian tale, were always to be commanded by a spell or an invocation. But, not to speak of this wasteful prodigality, this ridiculous excess of language farther than to regret the false taste which admires it, we remark that the very scrupulous care evinced in the style of Addison is its greatest recommendation to a youth, in the noviciate of authorship. Let this edition of the works of so great a master of English, be on the table of all students, who would acquire a chaste, simple, correct and elegant mode of expressing their thoughts.

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*The Southern Literary Messenger.*—Here we have the August issue in excellent season, and an admirable number it is. To speak of its papers in detail would require more space than we have to spare; for properly to show the public their high merits, we should be obliged to make quotations that would occupy our whole paper. We are glad to see that Professor Ingraham continues his biographical sketches of American Poets. The Memoir and Criticism of Mrs. Brooks (Maria del Occidente) are executed with discrimination and ability. Her fine poem 'Zophiel' is spoken of with the right spirit of appreciation. We have always looked upon that production as possessed of remarkable beauties: its metre is not happily chosen, or it might have been more popular among the larger class of readers. As it is, it may be called a poem for poets, and by poets only will it be read with that lively sense of its excellences, which is necessary to its full enjoyment.

We cannot say that we admire the name with which Mr. James F. Otis has affectedly chosen to christen his articles, but we regard the articles themselves as eminently good. The present, entitled "Another Summer-Day in the Woodlands," is beautiful indeed. People should not be deterred from reading such a contribution by the ridiculous running title of 'Currente Calamosities.' Judge Beverley Tucker's article on "Political Science" is a most valuable acquisition to this journal. It is sound, lucid and logical, evidently the effort of a ripe and deeply-read scholar. These remarks are applicable also to the review of the 'Bridgewater Treatises.'

We may here take occasion to observe that this journal, while it has done much to foster the rising talent of the South, has been distinguished from its commencement by the writings of men of refined talent and extended fame. It has at the same time been free from any narrow sectional spirit, but has welcomed literature from all parts of the Union. We honestly and heartily commend it to the notice of our Northern readers; for it is richly deserving of their most liberal support. (H. Greeley & Co., Agents, 1 Ann-street.)

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*New Books.*—Harper and Brothers have in press and will soon publish "Travels in North America, during the years 1834, '35 and '36, including a Summer Residence with the Pawnee Tribe on the remote Prairies of the Missouri, and a Visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands, by the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray;" "Morton's Hope, a Novel," in 2 vols.; "Miriam, by Mrs. S. C. Hall;" "Anthon's Classical Dictionary;" "Jacob's Greek Reader;" "Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History—new edition, by Dr. Murdock;" "Second Series of the School District Library," comprising 50 vols.

Lea and Blanchard have just published the "Second Series of Lord Brougham's Statesmen of the Time of George the Third."

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*Fanny and Other Poems.*—The Harpers have just published a thin open volume of the sportive and sparkling effusions of Fitz Greene Halleck, absurdly styled by certain critics (!) the first American poet, and as wildly by others denied all talent or merit whatever. Neither dictum approaches the truth. Mr. Halleck is not a great poet, but he has written much pleasant and polished verse, and some of a high order—witness 'Alnwick Castle' and 'Marco Bozzaris.' The volume before us is composed entirely of those lighter and more pungent effusions which have given Mr. Halleck a wider popularity than he would otherwise have attained without adding materially to his substantial reputation. They are just such as nearly every body will read, however; and, as we happen to know, that the few copies of 'Fanny' which could be had for money have sold through the last eight or ten years at most exorbitant prices, and been eagerly clutched at that, we do not doubt that the edition will be rapidly disposed of. Beside 'Fanny,' which almost every body has read, and which many will be eager to possess, 'The Recorder.' 'An Epistle to W*lter B*wne, Esq.' 'The Rhyme of the Ancient Coaster,' and several minor pieces are given. (Should there not have been more of 'the Croakers'?) Moore's 'Bendemeer' is printed in 'Fanny,' parallel with the famous Parody which belongs there. The interpolation should have been indicated by brackets or in some other manner—by a note at least. However, the volume is a very pleasant one for the dog-days, and will beguile many an hour. It may be re-read every month with a zest and satisfaction fully equal to the primitive. We commend it to the few unacquainted with its contents—to others it will already have commended itself.

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*The Pictorial Spelling Book.*—One of the most cheering signs of the progress which the great cause of Education is making in our country, is the manifest and signal improvement which the last ten years have witnessed in the character of our School-Books. We are not of those who regard the multiplication of elementary books as an evil. True, there is some inconvenience to be encountered from frequent

changes and a want of uniformity; but they do not counterbalance the advantages of a continual and decided improvement. We do not hesitate to affirm that more instruction may be imparted in three months with the best books now before the public than in four with those in use during our own yet recent school-days. Surely this is worth some little perplexity and trouble.

The work before us is not faultless, but is in some respects a great improvement on any Spelling-Book within our knowledge. The attempt to impart instruction more readily by the aid of familiar pictorial illustrations is popular, but we do not regard it with striking favor. The cuts of this book are very good, except the frontispiece. The reading lessons before us are good; the defining tables are better, and the explanations given of derivations, prefixes, suffixes, &c. are best. As a whole, we know no Spelling-Book superior to the Pictorial, and but one or two which can claim equality with it. By Rensselaer Bentley, Author of the English Spelling-book, American Instructer, &c. (Published by Robinson, Pratt. & Co. New-York.)

*Morton's Hope.*—This novel, in the press of the Harpers and about to be published by them, and of which we have seen a few sheets, is written in a clear and beautiful style. It is full of incident, and contains the most graphic descriptions of life in a German University which have ever met our observation. We prophecy that it will elicit higher approbation from higher sources than any work of the kind ever given to us from the pen of an American.

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*Oxford Tracts.*—We learn from the publisher of the *Tracts for the Times*, that these valuable papers are now in the press, and that the first number will positively appear on Tuesday next. These papers have produced a remarkable excitement in England and America among Episcopalians.—As to their merits, we forbear at present to speak. One thing is certain, they are of a character calculated to promote true Christian charity and genuine religion. They are almost equally interesting to Presbyterians and Episcopalians, as the general principles relative to order and church government, apply to both denominations of Christians. We learn from the same authority, that the re-publication will continue without fail, till the whole series shall have been completed.

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*Ladies' Companion for August.*—We cannot, in too strong terms, convey our satisfaction at the undeviating punctuality with which this ever-pleasing journal makes its appearance on our table. It is just as sure to come as the first of the month—and sure, moreover, to come filled with light, agreeable, entertaining papers, in verse and prose. Mr. Snowden is an excellent caterer, and he spares no expense to spread before his numerous readers the daintiest and most costly viands. His coadjutor, Mr. Harrington, is a nervous and forcible writer, an able, impartial critic, and, what is better than all, devoted to the literary profession.

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*Phrenological Journal.*—A Monthly Magazine of 32 large and fair pages per No. is published by Adam Waldie, Philadelphia, which deserves the patronage of those who take an interest in the subject indicated by its title. It is edited by an association of distinguished phrenologists, devoted almost entirely to their favorite science, and will form an ample and well printed volume of about 400 pages per anum. Price $2 per anum. To clergymen, $1.50. The first volume closes with the next No. but the whole may be obtained, if desired.

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*Mercantile Library Association.*—Too many things cannot be said in praise of this truly excellent and valuable Association. The young men of New-York may well be proud of it. We learn that large additions of new as well as rare works are about to be made to the library, and that an agent is now in England for the purpose of making purchases. An establishment of this kind is not only highly honorable to this city, but to the whole country. It cannot be too generously fostered and supported.

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*Battle of Bunker Hill.*—The Grand Historical Diorama of the Battle of Bunker Hill will be opened for exhibition at Masonic Hall next Monday evening. If a tithe of the encomiums bestowed on it by Boston Editors is merited, the exhibition, aside from the associations connected with it, will be well worth a visit on account of the great mechanical genius displayed. (See advertisement.)

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From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

*Another Veteran Jerseyman Gone.*—We have just heard of the death of the venerable SHEPARD KOLLOCK, a revolutionary officer, well known throughout our State, and deservedly venerated. He died at the advanced age of 88 in the city of Philadelphia, and was buried in Elizabethtown.

Judge Kollock was born in Lewistown, (Del.) in Sept. 1750, and after receiving an excellent education went to Philadelphia and acquired a knowledge of printing under William Goddard, the editor of the Pennsylvania Chronicle. There he remained until the age of 20; after which, his health failing him, he went to St. Christophers in the West Indies, where for a time he carried on the business of printing. While there, the news of the troubles in the Colonies and of the battle of Lexington reached him.—Believing that the cause in which his countrymen were engaged was just, and incited by patriotism, he at once relinquished a lucrative business, and returned with a desire to aid in the important struggle. He at once received a commission as 2d Lieutenant in the Flying Camp Company, and in January, 1777, at the solicitation of Col. Neil of the Continental Artillery, was united to his company as 1st Lieutenant. He was at the battles of Trenton, Fort Lee, Short-hills, and other engagements, and in all of them displayed courage and skill. We might mention many instances of the confidence reposed in him by the higher officers—one will suffice. In 1777, when Gen. Howe was embarking in New York, and when Gen. Washington supposed that his object was to go to Philadelphia, he moved his army to Buck's County, Pennsylvania. While in camp there, Gen. Gates sent for him to send up some artillery officers. Gen. Knox, of the artillery company, appointed Lieut. Kollock as an officer in whom he could implicitly confide in these trying circumstances.

There being supernumerary officers in the company of artillery, Mr. K. consulted with Gen. Knox about resigning his commission. The General at first was averse to it, and told him he could not dispense with his services; but he afterwards consented on the condition that he would establish a paper in the State of New Jersey in defence of freedom. He knew that a newspaper, conducted by a man of business talents and patriotism, would do much to promote the cause of the revolution. He therefore resigned his commission at the termination of the campaign of 1779, and established in the village of Chatham the *New-Jersey Journal*, with the exception of the one in Trenton, the only newspaper in the State. This paper fully answered the expectations of Gen. Knox, and by its editorial articles and the contributions of able writers from every part of the State and from New York did much to encourage and animate the people in their contest for liberty. The enemy knew this, and often threatened vengeance against it, but they never reached Chatham to carry their purpose into execution.

At the evacuation of New York in 1783, he removed his press to that city, and there established the *New York Gazetteer*, at first issued weekly, afterwards 3 times a week—the first experiment, we believe, of a paper published so frequently in that place. While conducting the Gazetteer he established a paper in New Brunswick, and for several years carried it on conjointly with the one in New York. In 1787 he removed to Elizabethtown, revived the New Jersey Journal, and continued its proprietor and editor 31 years.

In this paper he advocated the administration of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and probably no man in the State exerted a better influence; his opinions on all important political matters had extensive influence. The State was not insensible to his merits. For 35 years he held the office of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and when in his old age he asked not to be re-appointed, the Legislature seemed unwilling to listen to his request; they wished that he should to the last enjoy its honors, if he was unable to perform its duties. He was appointed aid-de-camp for Gov. Bloomfield, and was re-appointed by his successor. In the borough of Elizabeth he held at different times all the more important offices.

In 1818 he sold his printing establishment, and under the administration of Mr. Monroe, was appointed post master of Elizabethtown, which office he continued to hold until the year 1829, when he retired from all active public duties, and in the bosom of his children and grand-children and with his aged consort, passed the remainder of his old age in comfort, and descended to the tomb in peace. Only two of the orginal members of the Cincinnati Society of this State survive him.

The subject of this obituary had many qualities to fit him for usefulness; a vigorous mind, great elevation of principle, and a desire to do good. He had that which is the true secret of all usefulness—*Christian Piety.* His faith was unshaken—his life the life of the Christian. It was owing to this virtue that in adversity he never despaired; that in temptation he was always inflexible; that amidst the storms and tempests through which he passed he was calm and undismayed. It was owing to this that his old age was tranquil and happy, and that there was blessedness even at his death. Its approach was not unexpected—he had long waited for it, and when the summons came he received it without dread or fear: with calmness, dignity, and perfect resignation to the will of Heaven, and with the gospel hope of a blessed immortality, he resigned his breath unto him who gave it, and he 'is now gathered unto his fathers.' With such principles as he possessed, it was to be expected that he would bring up his children in such a manner as to fit them to be useful members of society. Six of his 10 children live to deplore his loss and imitate his virtues; and nearly 50 grand-children and great-grand-children have cause to "call him blessed." As a husband——but let his aged companion, with whom he was united more than 62 years, and who now "sitteth as a widow," testify to the sincerity and strength of his conjugal affection.

He will not be forgotten—his memory should be cherished, not only by his immediate descendants, but by the State to which he was useful—by the country to which he rendered valuable services.

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*Information Wanted.*—*Adam Wisner*, formerly of Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, who was in the Revolutionary War, as a minute man, under General Potter, and Col. Jas. Murray, and whose papers have all been destroyed by the burning of his house, in which his all was consumed, wishes to know if there are now living any witness to his having been in that War, as without such witness he cannot obtain a pension, to which he is justly entitled, and which he is very anxious to obtain, in consequence of poverty brought upon him by unpropitious providence. Any person having information in relation to this matter, will confer a favor by communicating the same to the Rev. Oren Brown, East Groveland, Livingston Co. N. Y. with the name of the witness. Tren. Emp.

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*Flax pulling Machine.*—On Friday last, an experiment was made upon the land of Col. Thomson of this Village, with a machine for pulling Flax. The villagers generally turned out to witness the operation. The Machine was drawn by two horses, and passes around the patch of Flax, gathering a swath of perhaps 18 inches or two feet, by means of a revolving cylinder or wheel. A man sits on the machine, and as the flax accumulates, he casts it upon the ground in bundles of a proper size for binding. It seemed to be the general opinion that the Machine was a very ingenious invention, calculated to save much labor, and expedite the hitherto tedious process of pulling Flax. Somerset Whig.

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*Recipe for Floating.*—Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and *turn the face towards the zenith*, may float at ease, and in perfect safety in tolerable still water—ay, and *sleep* there, no matter how long. If not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher—let your mouth and nose—not the top of your heavy head—be the highest part of you, and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands, and down you go; turning up the handle tips over the pitcher. Having had the happiness to prevent one or two drownings by this simple instruction, we publish it for the benefit of all who either love aquatic sports or dread them. [Exchange Paper.

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*Georgia Railroad.*—A meeting was held at Darien, Ga., on the 30th ult., with a view to consider the propriety of constructing a Railroad from the Ocmulgee to the Flint River, in that State. A considerable amount of stock was subscribed at the meeting, and it was expected that the Road would be commenced during the coming fall, and completed in a couple of years.

*Steamboat Burnt.*—The steamboat William Hurlbut was burnt between Mobile and Montgomery on the evening of the 26th ult. The passengers escaped, leaving all their baggage. The cargo was worth $100,000, with very little insurance.

*Slavery in Iowa Territory.*—The first business session of the Supreme Court of the Territory, was held in Burlington the first week in July. The Court decided that slavery was contrary to the laws of the Territory, and that a slave taken there to work in the mines and permitted to hire his own time, gained thereby a right to his freedom.

*A good Law.*—By the new election law of Pennsylvania, an offer to bet upon the result of an election in that State, involves a forfeiture of the right of suffrage at that particular election, and the judges are authorized to receive evidence of the fact, or to act upon their own knowledge.

*The Milwaukee and Rock River Canal* was commenced with appropriate ceremonies at Milwaukee on the 4th of July. It will connect the great lakes with the Upper Mississippi, and will be of immense importance to the enterprising and prosperous territory of Wisconsin.

*Advantages of Rail Roads for an Army in sudden emergencies.*—A company of U S. troops left Carlisle at seven o'clock, on Thursday morning, and landed safely at the encampment in Trenton, at seven in the evening, having travelled a distance of upwards of 150 miles in twelve hours.

*Wool.*—The Northampton Gazette says that the greater part of the wool in that section of the State has been taken by manufacturers at prices generally from 50 to 55 c. per lb.

MAMMOTH MOUND.—The largest mound in the United States is on the Virginia side of the Ohio river, about 12 miles below Wheeling. A western paper relates that some persons residing in the vicinity, who had been engaged in the excavation of one of the sides, had suddenly struck upon an aperture descending to a subterranean hall, 11 feet wide and nearly sixty feet high. There are passages at one extremity leading to two spacious vaults in both of which human skeletons, covered with beads and ornaments of curious construction, have been found. Among the articles worn by one of these relics, 'there were,' says the writer, 'one thousand seven hundred ivory beads, five hundred sea shells, one hundred and fifty pieces of isinglass, and five copper bands, bound around the wrist, weighing seven ounces; also a small stone about two inches in length and one and a half in width, with marks resembling letters and figures, supposed to be the name of the wearer.'

REASONABLE DECISION.—The French College of Physicians in Paris, after long discussions and philosophical observations, have at length decided that the cause of ladies' teeth decaying at an earlier stage of life than those of the other sex, is the continual friction of the tongue upon them. If we do not make a chronological error, it was in the year 1663 that an assembly of philosophical barbers in London discovered that the reason why the female chin is destitute of a beard, is on account of the continual motion of that part of the face. These are highly important discoveries, and have rendered unnecessary a great deal of warm argumentation and numerous speculative inferences.

HYDRANGEA.—It may not be known to many of our readers that this flower, which is usually of a pink color, may be made to come out a beautiful rich blue, by the simple means of filling the pot or box with the swamp or bog earth. Common garden loam produces the pink. The discovery of producing the blue was accidentally made by a friend of ours, by whom it was some time since communicated to us. We have repeated the experiment this season with good success, and now name the fact, that the lovers of variety may take advantage of it. The plant should be shifted very early in the spring. Watchtower.

*The British Queen and Great Western.*—The Ship Margaret Scott, Capt. Eldredge, which arrived yesterday afternoon from Liverpool, reports seeing the steamers British Queen and Great Western, on the 3d inst. at 7 A. M. in lat. 40.36, long. 66.30, distant from Sandy Hook 375 miles, very calm at the time, both going off in fine style; the British Queen about 12 miles ahead.

*Baron Marechal* and *Count Colobiano*, the former the Austrian and the latter the Sardinian minister to the United States, passed through Peoria, Ill. on the 24th ult. on a western tour. They were on their way to Chicago, whence they would visit Canada before they returned to Washington.

*Mr. Clayton.*—This gentleman made his twenty-first ascension from the town of Allegheny, on the 31st ult. He returned to Pittsburg on the 2d inst. with his balloon, having safely landed 25 miles east of that town.

*Brandon Bank.*—The Nashville Whig of the 26th ult. says: "We understand that Ex-Governor Charles Lynch has consented to accept the Presidency of this Institution. The credit of the concern may now look up."

*Commencement.*—The Annual Commencement of Washington College was holden yesterday, at Christ Church in this city.

Seventeen young gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the Right Rev. David Moir, of the Diocese of Brechin, in Scotland, and on the Rev. Titus Strong, of Greenfield, Mass. [Hartford Courant.

*Aroostook Affairs.*—The Land Agent, it seems, has recently sold trespass timber to the amount of about $30,000, and the whole amount of timber unlawfully cut is estimated to be worth half a million of dollars.

☞ The annual commencement of Union College took place on the 1st inst. One hundred and six young gentlemen received the degree of A.B. and twenty-five the degree of A.M. Honorary degrees were conferred upon several gentlemen.—Among them, Wm. L. Marcy received the degree of L.L.D.

## TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

We are under the painful necessity of discontinuing, during the ensuing month, on account of their inveterate non-payment, about Two Thousand papers now and hitherto sent to subscribers. Their names, as fast as the proper examination can be made, will be stricken from our Mail-books, and their accounts then or previously transmitted.—If not promptly settled, we shall take the best means in our power to collect them; failing in that, we may take such measures as will prevent other publishers from suffering at the same hands. What we cannot collect we must lose; but we are determined to lose no more to the same delinquents. We might afford to give them the fruit of our own labors, such as they are; but we cannot give them the paper and the industry of others, for which we are obliged to pay money.—We mean, therefore, between this time and the 20th of September, to strike from our books nearly every subscriber who shall appear indebted to us for a longer term than one year. We need not add that we shall be happy to restore any or every name as soon as payment is made, and that any error into which we may have fallen through the remissness or dishonesty of Agents, &c., will be promptly and gladly corrected.

☞ Agents for The New-Yorker are hereby earnestly requested to write us *before* the 10th of September, giving a list of all payments not already credited, and also of all subscribers wishing to discontinue at the close of the current Quarto Volume. If there are any persons now receiving The New-Yorker who are not likely to pay for it, let us know it. Again we entreat all our Agents to be as prompt and precise as possible in furnishing this information.

*** Mr. W. B. ESTES will greatly oblige us by immediately addressing a letter to this office.

Mr. O. SCOTT is traveling as Agent for The New-Yorker in the South-Western States.

☞ We will send The New-Yorker for one year to any person who will inform us where lives Mr. Adolphus Clapp, (formerly of Aurora, Erie Co. N. Y.) and what are his present circumstances.

*** Mr. H. A. FILLEY is now our only authorized Traveling Agent in this State.

Mr. H. G. DAGGERS is alone authorized to collect for us in this City.

*** Subscribers often make the absence or negligence of an authorized Agent their apology for not remitting. This is wrong. In all cases where no other mode is more convenient, let them enclose the money direct to this office. The certificate of the Postmaster that it was sent will constitute a valid receipt. Where it is not convenient to send the exact sum, let them send such sum as is convenient, and we will credit them accordingly.

Mr. DANIEL PARKHURST of Oneida Co. is no longer an Agent for The New-Yorker.

Mr. C. W. JAMES of Cincinnati has ceased to act for The New-Yorker as General Agent in Ohio.

Mr. W. B. STURTEVANT has relinquished the Agency for The New-Yorker in this State.

## Married,

July 16, P. B. Guernsey to Melissa P. Carey.
July 28, Capt. Wakeman Hull to Mary E. Downs of S. Harbor.
July 30, John L. Berrien to Elizabeth Weed.
July 31, Daniel Hodgman to Margaret Duffrate.
August 1, Charles Chapman to Elizabeth Sarah Daniel.
Also, Capt. Robinson P. Gardiner to Martha Bailey, both of Newport, R. I.
August 2, Isaac Stebbins, of Boston, to Mary A., daughter of Adam Stewart, of Roxbury.
August 3, John T. Brown to Sarah Fellows, of Flushing.
August 5, Selah T. Reeve to Mary Jane, daughter of J.G. Haviland.
Also, Leonard G. Hotaling to Margaret H., daughter of J.H. Mabbett.
Also, Simeon Kingsley to Elvira, daughter of Edwin Baldwin.
August 6, James W. Dominick, jr., to Mary D., daughter of Elisha Wells of Williamsburg.
August 7, William B. Foote to Sarah Amanda Lucas.
Also, John McNaughton to Mary J., daughter of Isaac Rhoades.
Also, Benjamin D. K. Craig to Ann Thomas, daughter of the late David Wagstaff.
Also, by Rev. J. W. Cocke, Alfred Livingston to Martha Elizabeth, daughter of the late Capt. Thomas W. Gillespie of Albany.
*Auburn*, August 1, J. R. Hopkins to Amelia M., daughter of Walter Wood.
*Buffalo*, July 31, Samuel Smith to Louisa A. Taylor.
*Flushing, L. I.*, August 1, Henry Clemmest to Mary S. Cock.
*Watertown*, July 31, Zebulon H. Benton of Oxbow to Caroline Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, Count de Survilliers.
*Providence, R. I.*, August 6, Benjamin G. Arnold of this city to Frances S. daughter of John B. Snow.
*New Brunswick, N. J.*, August 5, Henry Veltman, jr., of this city, to Alice Ann, daughter of John Welling.
*Kingston, Ulster Co.*, August 6, Welcome Stillman, of Unadilla Forks, Otsego Co., to Harriet Maria, daughtea of James Wells, of the former place.
*Madison, N.Y.*, August 6, Alfred Wickham of this city to Emily, daughter of Capt. Ira Tuthill of Catskill.

## Died,

August 1, Benjamin Egbert Ward.
Also, Edward Cunningham, 38.
August 2, Senor Hourique Salvanda, 20.
Also, Amelia, wife of Christopher Gwyer, 30.
Also, Eliza, wife of J. R. Moore.
Also, Elenora Frederica Fanno, 18.
August 3, Thomas Mather, 25.
Also, Thomas Phœnix, infant child of W. H. Hudson.
Also, Ann, widow of David Wade, 54.
Also, Josiah Clark, 52.
Also, Elizabeth Patterson, about 80.
August 4, Mary J., wife of Emanuel Joseph, 25.
August 5, Isabella, wife of John Parnell, 34.
Also, William H., infant son of W. H. Cogswell.
Also, Sarah W., infant child of Rev. Dr. Knox.
August 6, John Walworth, Assistant Register in Chancery, 56.
Also, William W. Woolsey, 73.
Also, Margaret Meldrum, 64.
Also, Lewis D. Chalabre, 35.
Also, Artemas Merriam, 49.
Also, Carlo Rossi, a native of Italy, 32.
Also, Josephine V., daughter of John Jolivet, 14.
August 7, Mary Cecilia, wife of William J. Orliff, M. D., 28.
Also, Henry R. Swan, late of Orange Co., 35.
Also, Andrew Godfrey, 64.
Also, Benjamin Morange, 61.
Also, Francis Sexton, 61.
August 8, Samantha A., wife of Henry M. Meade, 41.
Also, Mrs. Gutch, daughter of the late Maj. M. M. Claiborne, of Suffolk, Va.
*Albany*, July 29, Sarah E. daughter of the late Capt. S. Haring, U. S. A., 17.
*Auburn*, July 29, Cynthia, wife of Chauncey Snell, 24.
*Bridgehampton*, Suffolk Co., August 2, Mercy Morris, 48.
*Fonda*, Montgomery Co., Aug. 6, Romanti Norton, 76.
*Shelter Island*, Suffolk Co., August 1, Sarah, widow of Gen. Sylvester Dering, 77.
*Warwick*, Orange Co., July 31, Mary, widow of D. W. Hortsen, 69.
*Bangor*, Me., July 26, Col. Charles Hayes, 40.

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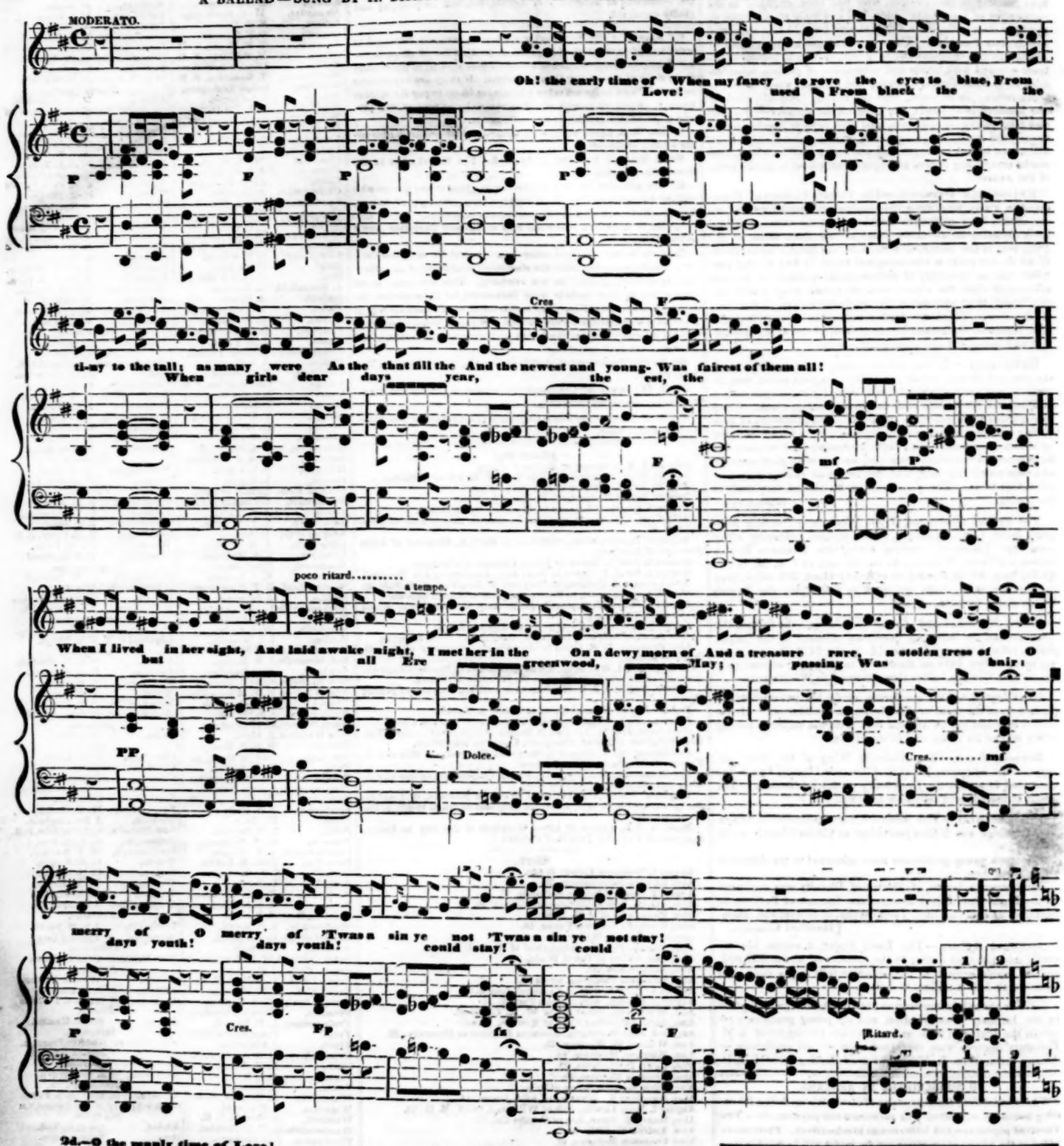
# THE THREE AGES OF LOVE.

A BALLAD—SUNG BY H. BISHOP—POETRY BY H. F. CHORLEY—MUSIC BY E. I. LODER.




2d.—O the manly time of Love!
Though the face for which I strove,
From its cheek hath lost a rose,
From its eyes one shade of blue;
Though I see a furrow now,
On its mild and matron brow—
The years that dimm'd its beauty,
Have made it dearer too;
And my heart, it swells with pride,
To see her by my side;

Or to hear her singing tenderly
Some old and simple lay—
When the fire is burning bright,
On a stormy winter night;
O days of home delight!
O days of home delight!
Ye should never pass away—
Ye should never pass away.

[THIRD VERSE WITH THE MUSIC IN OUR NEXT.]

**THE NEW-YORKER**—(FOLIO)—
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